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Vol. X.—No. 243.]

MAY 15, 1851.
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A WORD TO OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

It would be much to the credit of the Press if we would voluntarily abandon a privilege which is unjust to others and of little value to ourselves—we allude to that of *Orders for the Theatres*.

This privilege was given to us originally for a good purpose—to enable us conveniently and inexpensively to perform the duties of Critic. This was a reasonable privilege, but the Press has abused it for a purpose not contemplated when that privilege was given. Instead of confining them to those who are sent for the purpose of criticism, orders are now given indiscriminately, much to the annoyance and injury of the Managers of the Theatres, and with little or no advantage to ourselves, for our contemporaries know well enough to what sort of entreaties the demand for orders subjects them.

It is in the power of the Press to put an end to this abuse if the Journals of the greatest influence will join the endeavour. It is not necessary that the acquiescence of every individual Journal should be had, if the most respectable of us will join in a representation to the managers of the Theatres of the remedy to which they are willing to consent, the Managers will be enabled to dictate the same terms to the minor Journals.

The terms that we should thus voluntarily offer should be the following:

The *Editor and friend* to be admitted *on sight*, or the Editor's order to one person only, which order should state the name of the bearer, and that he is sent by the Editor for the purpose of criticism. As there is attached to most of the respectable Journals a Theatrical Critic, his person would soon become known to the door-keepers, and he should be at all times admitted on sight.

This arrangement, honourably carried out, would remove all substantial grounds of complaint, while it would secure the object for which alone the privilege is accorded. If more than this is desired at any time for the personal convenience of the Editor or Proprietor, let it be done by an application to the Manager, who would, of course, readily accede to it; but the plan above suggested would effectually put an end to the abuse which it is so desirable on many accounts to suppress, that of occupying the benches of the theatres with orders given to persons who are in no way connected with the Journals.

Will our contemporaries assist us in an effort to put a stop to a growing evil?

BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

ON his return from Caen, BERNARDIN resumed with ardour and pleasure his former occupations. He gathered insects, reared birds, cultivated his garden, and read over and over again *The Lives of the Saints*. His tastes for natural history and for supernatural seemed to struggle for the mastery. A new taste as intense and active as either was soon added to them—that of travelling. A Capuchin living in the neighbourhood was the intimate friend and frequent visitor of the family. Brother PAUL was a great favourite with the children, whom he loaded with caresses and sweetmeats, and, perhaps what delighted them still more, he was always ready with some amusing story. Being about to make an excursion through Normandy, he prayed BERNARDIN's father that he might have as his companion the "Little Recluse," for so BERNARDIN had been called ever since his attempt to turn hermit. His request was at once granted. Stick in hand, and with an air of manful alacrity, BERNARDIN set forth on his journey, which was all to be performed on foot. He liked his new manner of life prodigiously. Whether the two companions stopped for the night at a chateau, a cottage, or a monastery, they were everywhere welcomed, everywhere hospitably entertained. On returning home, after fifteen days rambling, he had a thousand marvellous incidents to narrate, and seriously announced his intention to turn Capuchin.

About this time his godmother made him a present of some books, among them *Robinson Crusoe*. Besides the delight which this work gave, it excited to an intense degree two of his strongest passions, the love of adventure, and the love of solitude. For several years *Robinson Crusoe* took the place of *The Lives of the Saints*. Dreaming for ever of far-off isles on the Ocean, he seemed to have words as he had thoughts, only for that romantic world in which his imagination revelled. His enthusiastic language about verdant abodes cut off by distance and eternal waves from Europe was interpreted into the expression of a decided inclination for a sea life. Some time after he had reached his twelfth year one of

his uncles, called GODENOUT, the captain of a vessel about to sail to Martinico, wished BERNARDIN to accompany him, and obtained his father's consent thereto. When going on board, SAINT-PIERRE expected nothing but a holiday of a very peculiar and pleasing kind, whose crowning joy would be shipwreck on some desert island, and a thousand other beautiful adventures flowing from that blessed disaster. But he was soon disenchanted by sea-sickness, by the hard work which he had to do, by his uncle's harsh, rough manners, by a total absence of desert islands, and by weather so obstinately favourable as to leave no room for even the shadow of a catastrophe, or for one remarkable incident. BERNARDIN returned to France with a feeling of exceeding sadness, disappointment, and monotony. It may here be mentioned that the writer of the article on SAINT-PIERRE, in *The Biographie Universelle*, seems disposed to ascribe all the discomfort and annoyance which he experienced from his voyage to his want of "subordination, that first duty of the seaman." In favour of this charge that writer has no evidence but his own imagination. The article altogether is distinguished by a malignant, unfair, and ungenerous spirit, and repeats calumnies which the friends of SAINT-PIERRE had successfully refuted.

On his return from sea he was sent to resume his studies in an institution conducted by Jesuits at Caen. Here he greatly distinguished himself. He had not been long at Caen when the first grand sorrow of his life befel him—the loss of his godmother. Moved by regret and gratitude alike, he endeavoured to pour forth both in a funeral oration, which had probably no other merit than that of having been his first production.

The plans of education which his new teachers the Jesuits adopted, not only contributed much to his general progress, but also deeply interested his imagination and his heart. On certain occasions connected with the fête-days of Jesuit saints, each professor was in the habit of calling his pupils together, and of reading to them the travels of some Jesuit missionary. It was impossible to find more attentive auditors. It was, however, with something more than mere attention that BERNARDIN listened. For to his rich and susceptible imagination the history of Jesuit martyrs when propagating the faith seemed only the confirmation of *The Lives of the Saints* and of *Robinson Crusoe*, but awakening emotions at once deeper and more daring. How he grieved when the Christian champion encountered nothing but persecution and torture in trying to win to the mystery of the cross the rude souls of barbarians! How he rejoiced when he beheld the holy man escaping from a dungeon, and from a death of fiercest agony, and receiving the homage of those who but a moment before had been ready to tear him to pieces, or to give his body to the devouring flames! With what delighted and unquestioning belief his enthusiastic fancy followed the miracles which the apostle performed to confirm the doctrines which he proclaimed, and to give them conquering force! To one so excitable, so chivalrous, so imaginative as SAINT-PIERRE, nothing seemed so desirable or so glorious as to tread the path, beautiful with sacred dangers, which those brave Jesuits had trod. The appetite once roused sought food everywhere. He bought all the volumes of missionary adventures which he could procure, and when he could not buy, he borrowed, and sometimes stole, says kind and candid M. DUROZIOIR of *The Biographie Universelle*. So exciting and excessive became his attachment to this kind of reading that his other studies, and even his amusements, were completely neglected. His professor having punished him several times without effect, at last called him into his room to discover if he could the cause of such flagrant inattention. BERNARDIN was not willing at first to confess why he had suddenly grown so careless a scholar. At last he

avowed, blushing, that he had been reading the history of the missionaries, and wished himself to become one. This confession was not displeasing to the professor, who belonged to a body whose desire to make proselytes and skill in obtaining them are both alike famous. He therefore seriously proposed to BERNARDIN that he should prepare himself for joining the Jesuits who were spreading the Christian faith in India, China, or Japan, and flattered his vanity by picturing the glory which would be sure to follow him as a traveller or a martyr. SAINT-PIERRE immediately wrote to his father for permission to become a Jesuit, that he might devote himself to the conversion of savage nations. M. DE PIERRE was surprised at this new project of his son, but in ordering him home that they might consult about the matter, promised not to thwart him. On arriving at Havre, the first person that he saw was his old friend MARIE TALBOT. She could scarcely speak to him for the tears that gushed forth at the idea of his turning Jesuit. He found his mother equally afflicted: but this, though it deeply grieved him, did not shake his resolution, and he set himself to the reading of *Travels* with greater avidity and ardour than ever. At last, however, when the missionary fever had a little diminished, he agreed to complete his studies, and to decide on a profession afterwards. He was accordingly sent to the college at Rouen, a brilliant career, at which he concluded by obtaining the first prize for Mathematics in 1757. DUROZIER says that he was as unable to submit to the discipline of a college as to that of a ship, a charge which seems amply refuted by the progress which he made, and the success which he obtained at Rouen. It is true that his dislike to places of public education bursts forth in frequent passages of his writings. But the dislike did not arise from the restraint to which he had himself been subjected, but from the evils which he considered as belonging to the very nature of such institutions; that, by tearing us away at an early period from home, they weaken our family attachments, and, these weak, our patriotic feelings must also be weak, as it is from the former that the latter grow; that, by the exclusive praise lavished on the heroes of Greece and Rome, we are led to forget the illustrious men of our own country; that, by exciting emulation in an excessive degree they change ambition from a healthy stimulus into a fierce and unscrupulous passion; that the rewards are for fine discourses, not for noble actions; that, by severing us from society, they enfeeble our will, encourage dreams of impossible enterprise—make us vain of energies which, having no existence but in our own brain, disappear like phantoms when we descend into the field, where await us the rude tasks of the every-day world. There is some force in these objections, though they indicate the morbidly sensitive soul rather than the calm inquirer; they overlook countervailing advantages; and probably there are few who have been educated at our universities who will not laugh at them as the silliest of absurdities.

The memory of SAINT-PIERRE's college life at Rouen was embittered to him by the loss of his mother and by the death of a young man, M. DE CHABRILLANT, a fellow student and his most intimate friend, the only one of his comrades to whom he appears to have opened the whole fullness and fervour of his bosom. AIME MARTIN, the eloquent and enthusiastic biographer of SAINT-PIERRE, has dedicated a few touching pages to this his first friendship and its mournful termination.

A military school, which SAINT-PIERRE had entered soon after leaving Rouen, with a view of acquiring a knowledge of engineering, was dissolved when he had attended it about a year, and nearly at the same time his father married again. These two events threw him entirely on his own resources and made some prompt step necessary. He accordingly solicited employment as an engineer in the military service; but this application proving fruitless, he pro-

posed to one of his companions, who had similar views to his own regarding a profession that they should go together to Versailles and state their wishes to the Minister of War. By singular good fortune they were mistaken for two other young men, in favour of whom great interest had been used and received the appointments intended for them. When the blunder was discovered, it was too late to repair it as the commissions had been made out in form. In high spirits, at this unexpected gleam of prosperity, SAINT-PIERRE set out for Dusseldorf, in 1760, where an army of thirty thousand men was assembled, under the command of the Count de Saint GERMAIN. If SAINT-PIERRE had been dazzled by the glory of war at a distance, the spectacle of war's cruelties quickly disenchanted him. His was not a nature to behold with indifference villages deserted, fields devastated, women, children, old men flying from a brutal soldiery, or from burning abodes. But ever beside the horrible breaks forth and brightens the beautiful. How touchingly is this confirmed by an incident belonging to this part of Saint PIERRE's life, and which we shall record in his own words. A captain of cavalry, at the head of a foraging party, was traversing a solitary valley, where, on all sides, nothing almost was visible but woods. He perceived a poor cottage, and, knocking, an old peasant with a white head came out. "Friend," said the officer, "show me a field where I may obtain forage for the horses of my soldiers." "I shall do so without delay," replied the old man, placing himself at the head of the troop. After a quarter of an hour's walk, they came to a fine field of barley. "This is exactly what we want," cried the captain. "Wait a moment," answered the guide, "and you shall be satisfied." They continued their march, and arrived at another field of barley. The soldiers having cut of this as much as they required, when they had remounted, the officer said to the peasant, "Friend, you have made us prolong our march without necessity; the first field was better than this." "That is quite true, Sir, but it was not mine."

At the battle of Warburg, and in various other actions, SAINT-PIERRE shewed remarkable courage. But, besides aiming at the reputation of a brave soldier, he had also the ambition to distinguish himself as an engineer. For this purpose he prepared many plans and maps, and communicated them to the engineer-in-chief to be sent to the war office at Paris. How great was his surprise while offering such proofs of his industry, to receive a complaint from that office of his indolence, and that no specimen of his labours had yet been presented there. He immediately repaired to the engineer-in-chief, and, placing before him several new maps and plans, requested him to include in the receipt all those which he had previously put into his hands. The engineer wrote a few lines, gave them to SAINT-PIERRE, whose papers he at the same time took and locked up. These were the words of the receipt: "M. de SAINT-PIERRE has just submitted to me the plan of the position of the army; this is the only work of that engineer that I have received since his arrival in the camp." Though astonished and indignant at so much baseness, yet SAINT-PIERRE did not express his feelings otherwise than by demanding back his papers. The only answer the engineer-in-chief condescended to make to this request was to put his hand on his sword. This movement made SAINT-PIERRE altogether forget himself, and, seizing the sword of a brother officer who happened to be present at this scene, he rushed on his chief, who, instead of defending himself, ran out of the way, at the same time raising a cry of "Assassination." This event had for result exactly what SAINT-PIERRE might have anticipated. For what was considered so flagrant a violation of discipline, he was deprived of his appointment. Now it is unquestionable that SAINT-PIERRE acted in this affair with much imprudence, even if we admit that the provocation was great. But with no other

evidence to charge him with wanting respect to his superiors, with being unsocial to his equals, with making as many enemies as there were officers in the corps to which he belonged, is, on the part of the *Biographie Universelle*, as absurd as it is malignant and false.

Too young and too enthusiastic to be discouraged by the circumstances which had just occurred, SAINT-PIERRE yet saw the whole extent of the difficulties and entanglements in which one single rash act had involved him, and the necessity of some vigorous and immediate movement to retrieve his position. He thought he was likeliest to find sympathy and succour from his relations. Passing by Frankfort, therefore, he repaired first of all to an uncle he had at Dieppe. But he was received with so little cordiality by his uncle and his wife that he went soon after to his father's house at Havre. His residence here was made so uncomfortable by his stepmother that, at the end of three months, he was compelled to face once more with his own unassisted energies the great struggle of life. His stock of money had dwindled down to six louis. This sum, doubled by a lottery ticket, was all his worldly store when he took the road to Paris in March 1761.

We have followed so far chiefly AIME MARTIN, not only in statement, but frequently in words, and we intend to do so in what we have further to say regarding SAINT-PIERRE, for he had known the latter intimately, and was himself a man of noble sentiments and unimpeachable honour. Perhaps his tone in speaking of his friend is too uniformly apologetic and eulogistic. But it was natural that he should defend SAINT-PIERRE with passionate earnestness, seeing with what passionate fury that good man and great writer was attacked, and how vile the slanders were which envy was in the habit of inventing and uttering against him. Calumnies breathed by the worthless to blacken our own fame, to misinterpret our motives when most exalted, and our actions when most beautiful, it may be chivalry to despise. But he who flames not forth in holy indignation when the reptiles of the press crawl to spit their venom on the ashes of an illustrious friend is guilty alike of cowardice and treachery.

KENNETH MORENCY.

HISTORICAL GLEANINGS OF THE GEORGIAN ERA.

Reign of George the First. 1714—1727.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from page 197.)

THE notices of the proceedings of the Royal family and the Court are not very frequent in the journals of this period, though on particular occasions we are favoured with an account of them.

1723. January 10.—The Diversions of Twelfth night were held at court on Monday night, when His Majesty play'd at Hazard, according to the annual custom, with several noblemen and persons of distinction. His Majesty won, as did His Royal Highness; and we hear the Earl of Scarborough won a great sum.

Her Royal Highness also play'd at another Table with some great Ladies of the Court.

The death of a celebrated personage, already referred to, occurred at this time, and the following account of the preparations for his funeral will be read with interest:

March 5.—This evening the body of Sir Christopher Wren, Knight, lately deceased, the most famous architect in all Europe, is to be carry'd from his house in St. James's-street, Westminster, with great funeral state and solemnity, to be deposited in the great vault under the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. The trophies proper on such occasions will not be carry'd before the Hearse, because not allow'd to be set up in the said Cathedral, to prevent damage by driving of nails into any of the Walls thereof.

The state prisoners still remained in the Tower, and the journals of the day furnish

us with frequent accounts of their condition, and of the rigour they underwent.

January 9.—The window at which the Bishop of Rochester has been all along allow'd to discourse his friends at the Tower, is lately nail'd up by order of Colonel Williamson, the Deputy Governor; and his Lordship is more closely confin'd than ever. His servants are not now permitted to be seen by any body.

February 4.—On Saturday last, the two Kellys, who are prisoners of State in the Tower on account of the late conspiracy, were carry'd under a guard to the Cockpit, and examin'd by the Right Honourable the Committee appointed for that purpose.

February 24.—The Bishop of Rochester's coachman and footman, who used to go backward and forward between his Lordship's house in Westminster Abbey and the Tower, are taken into custody. The same afternoon, Col. Williamson seized Mrs. Morris, the Bishop's daughter, who came to inquire after her father's health, and searched her, in order to discover any treasonable papers she might have, but found none.

February 27.—A poor man that used to work at his Lordship's garden at Bromley, was taken into custody; as was his secretary, the Rev. Mr. Moore, vicar of Aldersgate.

March 4.—We are told that a letter was observed by a centry to be put in the bottom of a water-pot by the Bishop of Rochester in the Tower, and to be carried forth by a servant, which the centry discovered to the captain of the guard, who informed the Governor of it, who seized the said letter of a considerable length. It is wrote in his own hand, but his friends' names are in cyphers. It is thought to be of some consequence; and some say it contains instructions to his friends in a certain house, how to argue on some particular points relating to him, when they come to be discussed there. It cannot be improper to observe that eleven quire of paper, and proportionate pens and ink, were on this occasion found in his Lordship's keeping, although he complained that the chief grievance of his confinement was the want of pen, ink, and paper, whereby he was hindered from making a right use of his studies. N.B. —A gaoler and warder were lately discharged out of the Tower, for indulging his Lordship in freedoms beyond their commission, whereby this paper, &c., was conveyed to him.

One of the journals states a rumour of Bishop ATTERBURY hoping to be banished, he "having laid this scheme for a cardinal's hat."

March 5.—The Bishop of Rochester is so strictly observed, that books are refused to go to him, if sent to him by his friends. Mr. Morrice, his son-in-law, was on Thursday last examined by a committee of council, and dismissed.

March 23.—The Lord Bishop of Rochester is allow'd pen, ink, and paper, as is also John Plunket, and George Kelly, *alias* Johnson.

At first, when Mr. MORRICE used to go to the Tower to see the Bishop, he used to stand in an open area, and the Bishop looked out of a two-pair-of-stairs window, in which manner only they were allowed to converse.

Dr. FRIEND, the physician who had attended Bishop ATTERBURY, and who was himself a member of the House of Commons, was taken into custody before the middle of March, on suspicion of treason.

Bills for inflicting certain pains and penalties on Bishop ATTERBURY, and on KELLY and PLUNKET, on account of their participation in the late conspiracy, were introduced into Parliament, and the prisoners were permitted to attend at the bar of the House of Lords to be heard against these measures, which had passed the Commons almost unopposed.

April 27.—Yesterday John Plunket was carry'd, under a strong guard from the Tower, to the bar of the House of Lords, to make his defence against the bill now depending to inflict on him certain pains and penalties; and at night he was remanded back.

We hear he had summon'd about twenty-eight witnesses, but that several of them declar'd they knew him not.

May 6.—This day the Lord Bishop of Rochester will be carry'd up to the bar of the House of Lords to make his defence by himself and his council against the bill now depending for inflicting on him certain pains and penalties; where, for the more easy standing of his lordship and council, a convenient place is fitted up and cover'd with scarlet cloth.

Apprehensions of suspected persons were, however, still going on.

May 13.—Last Friday one Fellows, reckon'd among the Berkshire Blacks, was brought to Town from those

parts by Mr. Cooper, the messenger, being charged with instilling or attempting to instil men for the Pretender. He was examin'd last night at the cockpit, and confronted by some persons that were brought up as evidences against him.

The same evening three of those persons were, upon examination, committed to Newgate.

On Friday night, and next day, several persons were committed to the Poultry Compter for rude and riotous behaviour, when the Bishop of Rochester was carry'd back from the bar of the House of Lords to the Tower.

This day the King's Council reply to what hath been said in behalf of the bishop.

ATTERBURY's cause seems to have been generally espoused by the populace, though different Journals give very different accounts of his reception during his progress between the Tower and Westminster, some of them representing the people as offering insult to him, against which he required to be protected, and others describing him as exciting the sympathy of the multitude who it was feared might attempt to rescue him from his gaolers.

On Thursday night, about eleven, as the Bishop returned to the Tower, the mob was very great and troublesome in Fleet-street; and a gentleman, who was among them, was dangerously wounded with a bayonet by one of the guards, and carried to Mr. Ridout a surgeon in Salisbury-court. Col. Williamson caused several rude fellows to be apprehended, seven whereof were afterwards committed to the Workhouse for insulting the Bishop.

On another occasion, the Journals state that the Bishop was attended "not only by his guard, but several volunteers, both Whigs and Tories, between whom, near Temple-bar, there happen'd a small skirmish to the disadvantage of the latter. They rally'd again in Cheapside and were again dispersed.

A regular pitched battle at another time took place between the two parties.

After the bill for inflicting pains and penalties on the Bishop of Rochester had passed, his friends were permitted to visit him. He received the intelligence of his fate with fortitude and composure, and took an affecting leave of his friends, especially of POPE. At their last interview, ATTERBURY presented him with a bible as his keepsake. "Perhaps," says POPE, with much feeling, "it is not only in this world that I may have cause to remember the Bishop of Rochester."

The following is from one of the daily journals:

June 1.—This day the Lord Bishop of Rochester is deprived of all his dignities and ecclesiastical benefices whatsoever; and by the 25th of this instant he is to depart this realm, and all others His Majesty's dominions, and to remain in perpetual exile.

The following advertisement of the sale of the effects of the deprived Bishop, may be interesting:

To be sold by auction; the Household Goods, Pictures, &c. of the Bishop of Rochester, at the Deanery at Westminster, on Saturday next, the 8th instant, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and to continue each day at the same hour till all are sold. Catalogues to be had this day at the place of sale, of Mr. Avory at the two White Spikes, the foot of the pavement in St. Martin's-lane, and at Mr. Say's in Racket-court, Fleet-street. The goods to be viewed this day, to-morrow, and Saturday, till the sale begins.

N.B.—A coach and harness, and four horses, to be sold.

The sale itself was attended by various persons who were admirers of the Bishop, and who took this opportunity of testifying their regard for him in a substantial manner.

June 13.—The late Bishop of Rochester's goods, that were last week expos'd to sale at his late dwelling-house, in the Deanery of Westminster, have been sold at extraordinary prices.

The following accounts of the embarkation and departure of the exiled Bishop are from the Journals of the time:

June 19.—Yesterday, between twelve and one, the deprived Bishop of Rochester set out from the Tower, in the Navy barge, attended by Mr. Morris and his wife, having a license for that purpose under His Majesty's Sign Manual; and Col. Williamson, who had two warders with him, delivered him up to Captain Lawrence,

commander of *The Alborough*, Man-of-War, lying in Long Reach. Two footmen, in purple liveries, attended him, himself being in a Lay habit of grey cloth. Great numbers of people went to see him take water, many of whom accompanied him down the river in barges and boats. We hear that two messengers went on board the man-of-war to see him set on shore at Ostend, from whence, 'tis said, he will proceed to Aix-la-Chapelle, after staying some time at Brussels.

London, June 22.—Two days ago the late Lord Bolingbroke arrived here.

June 24.—The Rev. Mr. Moore, who was chaplain to the late Bishop of Rochester, is made Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Wharton.

June 26.—They write from Dover, June 24, that the Lady Lansdowne, with a considerable retinue, landed there on the 22nd from Calais, where the late Bishop of Rochester was set ashore, on the morning of the day before, according to his own desire, being afraid to land at Ostend, the sea running high on the coast of Flanders.

Mr. PLUNKET made a vigorous and an able though ineffectual defence of himself at the bar of the House of Lords, which he afterwards published, and which soon reached a second edition.

May 28.—We are inform'd that the Duke of Norfolk, Lord North and Grey, Mr. Dennis Kelly, and Mr. Cochran, now prisoners in the Tower, will be carry'd this evening to the Cockpit, Whitehall, in order to be admitted to bail; and that four persons of quality are to be sureties for each of the said Peers, and two substantial gentlemen for each of the other persons.

We hear that since Sunday last, free liberty is given to the friends of the said prisoners to visit them, and they permitted to visit one another.

The Journals, shortly afterwards, state that they were bailed.

May 30.—His Majesty hath been pleased to pardon the late Lord Bolingbroke, for which purpose the proper instrument hath lately passed the seals.

A special Commission of Oyer and Terminer is issued out to try the persons commonly called the Berkshire Blacks, on Thursday next, at Reading, near forty men reputed to be of this disorderly gang, being now in custody in Newgate Gatehouse, or in the hands of the Messengers.

But a far direr foe than the Pretender, had of late been threatening to invade our shores, and whose approach from beyond the seas was now sorely dreaded by the people of these realms, among some of whom its frightful ravages, a little more than half a century before, was still remembered.

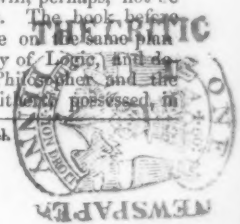
The plague raged in the southern parts of France, particularly at Marseilles. On this occasion, a proclamation was published, forbidding any person to come into England from any part of France, between the Bay of Biscay and Dunkirk, without certificates of health. The streets of London were ordered to be paved and kept clean; and an act of Parliament was passed for prevention of infection by building of Pest-houses, to which the infected persons, or the healthy of an infected family, were to be removed; and by ordering trenches or lines to be drawn round any city, town, or place infected. (a) The vigorous measures of the government on this occasion were, doubtless, seconded with far more zeal and unanimity than any political proposals of the same period. This is the last serious alarm of that truly terrific malady with which Great Britain has been appalled.

PHILOSOPHY.

Historical Sketch of Logic, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By ROBERT BLAKEY, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, Queen's College, Belfast. London: Bailliere.

MR. BLAKEY's elaborate *History of the Philosophy of Mind*, which we reviewed here some six or seven years since, will, perhaps, not be forgotten by our readers. The book before us is a companion volume on the same plan, but limited to the History of Logic, and designed to aid both the Philosopher and the Student, who have not hitherto possessed in

(a) Tindal.



the English language, an authentic and systematic teacher, who might inform them as to the rise, progress, and fall of the various systems that have been promulgated.

We have been so long accustomed to hear the term *system* applied to Logic, that we are scarcely conscious of its absurdity. But, when we reflect upon the differences of opinion that have prevailed, the monstrous uses made of it, and the small success it has achieved—that is to say, tried by its practical results in the advancement of human intelligence—we shall probably be inclined to suspect that there is something wrong at the foundation, seeing that almost every edifice erected upon it, has tumbled down. The truth is, that there has been always, and still there is, very grievous ignorance or confusion of ideas, as to what is meant by the term Logic. Many, perhaps the majority, suppose it to be an artificial system of reasoning, which he who has mastered can use infallibly for the discovery of truth and error. Such appears to have been the notion of ARISTOTLE and his disciples, down to the time of BACON. That they were wrong in this is proved by the fact that, although the system was actually in use for centuries, it *did not* discover truth; but, on the contrary, it conducted its disciples into manifold and gigantic error.

The first step, then, to a right appreciation of the objects, uses and advantages of the Science of Logic, is to understand clearly what it is or ought to be.

Logic is not an intellectual machine, but simply the science that investigates and determines the laws according to which the mind performs that process we call *reasoning*; that is to say, the process by which from things known we attain a knowledge of or a conviction of the truth of things unknown.

Now in this there can be nothing *artificial*. The mind cannot act according to any other rules than those prescribed to it by nature, and, therefore, the first step to Logic is acquaintance with the constitution and functions of the mind; we must know the actor to understand the action. Before it is possible satisfactorily to determine the manner in which the mind proceeds in the process of reasoning, we must determine the preliminary question how that mind usually works, whether directly or indirectly, whether as a whole or simultaneously, or through the medium of corporeal organs, by which, "until we have shuffled off this mortal coil," its powers are limited and directed.

It is because these preliminary points have not been determined that Logic has been the subject of various systems, is even yet so unsettled and has done such small service to mankind. The perusal of this excellent History of it by Mr. BLAKEY will satisfy the reader of the force of these objections.

The difficulties in the way of the attainment of a sound system of Logic, based, as it only can be, upon a clear knowledge of the actual operations of the mind, are neither insuperable nor very difficult, and yet the Science itself makes little progress. It shares, indeed, with all mental science that slumber amid general activity—that standing still amid the onward movement of all branches of physical science, which is the reproach of our age. While all others of nature's laws are being boldly and successfully investigated, with results that only do not astonish now because wonders have thronged so fast upon us that we have ceased to wonder, the science that most of all concerns us, the laws of our being, the operations of our minds, are entirely neglected; of the instrument with which we are achieving so much we know almost nothing, and, stranger still, we are content to continue in ignorance. Wherefore is it so?

The truth, we fear to be, that against this the loftiest, most important, and most useful of all studies there is a secret, but ever present, and ever active enemy. To the advancement of physical science no interests are opposed, while many are enlisted in its favour.

But against the study of mental science, not merely a vast amount of ignorant prejudices, but what is far more formidable, an incalculable amount of selfish interests are arrayed.

Every man has a system, moral, political, and social, of the truth of which he entertains a profound conviction, and any disturbance of which is attended with a great deal of annoyance, because it unsettles his thoughts, shakes his self-confidence, and puts him to the trouble of thinking and the pain of doubting. Inasmuch as, whatever a man's opinions may be, more people in the world differ from him than agree with him, it is obvious that the investigation of the mental operations by which so many diverse results have proceeded is not likely to find favour with the timid, who say that, as all cannot be right, and, if truth should come out of the investigation, all systems must be shattered but one, theirs may be among the unfortunates, and, therefore, it is more comfortable and convenient to rest where we are than to hazard even the possibility of a change.

Such, no doubt, is the secret motive, perhaps, scarcely acknowledged even to themselves, of multitudes who rather discountenance than promote the study of mental science. And in a country that is not Christian, that has not the Bible, it would be a very intelligible motive. But wherefore should it prevail with us, who have an infallible standard of truth by which to stand, and which will surely and safely guide us in our researches? All truths are consistent with one another. God's Word can never contradict God's deeds, nor can He as revealed in His works be different from Himself as revealed by Himself in His Book and through His Church. It is, therefore, only a craven spirit that fears to inquire lest inquiry should disturb its faith. Without the Bible to help, there might be some danger of error: with it, the student may proceed with a sense of security, because he has a test and a guide which cannot fail him. To the revival of mental philosophy among us, we believe nothing is wanting but an assurance that, if allied with Christianity, it will eclipse even the physical sciences in the advancement of the human race. *Interests* may, indeed, quail before it, but Religion will grow into yet grander proportions and recommend herself more than ever to man's love. We are fully alive to the other difficulties arising out of selfish interests, and which Mr. BLAKEY has not exaggerated.

And not only is this the case, that logic is greatly and directly influenced by the current doctrines of mental science, but it is also greatly modified and checkered in its outward arrangements and rules by the prevailing sentiments and opinions of philosophers on particular questions of metaphysical knowledge. Witness, for example, the unsatisfactory state in which theories of mathematical evidence, of Induction, of Nominalism and Realism, are, at the present moment, placed. Nothing can be more opposite and conflicting than the judgments of the philosophers of Europe, at the present moment, on these perplexing, though highly interesting, points. Yet all these distinct questions are so closely blended with systems of logic—theoretical practical, and formal—that no ground can be occupied by any speculator promulgating doctrines on the nature of general reasoning, free from their actual intrusion and influence. These questions lie at the very threshold of logical investigations, and must be disposed of, in some fashion or other, before the logician is allowed to take a single step in his inquiries.

Independently of this obstacle from mental philosophy itself, we have still other more direct and powerful influences to contend against in reference to the unity of logical doctrines and tuition. Antagonistic forces of an external character meet us at every turn; logic having, or professing to have, to do with truth, the watchfulness and jealousy of men are called into a state of activity whenever the truth of particular departments of knowledge is conceived to be in jeopardy, or likely to be affected in any way or degree. All the interesting and moving questions which engross the feelings and sympathies of the mass of mankind in every country, and which are connected with, or grow out of, the science of theology, morals, and politics, have a direct reflect effect upon both the theory and practical application of logical science. It forms an item of secular interest and calculation of the temporal powers of the world,

which is never lost sight of. The theologian, the moralist, and the legislator, keep a watchful eye over the use of an instrument which professes to deal with every department of scientific evidence or proof, with every speculative form of thought, and with the application of knowledge to the every-day interests and necessities of human life.

True, the influence of logical systems is not viewed with the same degree of suspicion in all departments of human inquiry. The mathematical and physical sciences, for example, seem removed from any direct logical control. The ingenuity of man may exercise itself here in comparative independence and liberty, and, with some trifling qualifications, he may adopt any theory he pleases. With purely objective knowledge, logic does not come in hostile contact. It is only in the mental and spiritual element that its conflict lies. The moment we pass the boundaries which separate the outer world of matter from the inner world of thought, we tread upon debatable ground, and excite the feelings of human nature in such a way and degree as they are never seen to be excited in the ordinary philosophical investigations carried on in the pure and physical sciences.

The weighty influence which is thus brought to bear on logical studies by particular branches of knowledge, arises from the intimate union subsisting between them and the faculty of reasoning generally. Theology, for example, has, in many epochs of her history, imparted the highest degree of interest to logical doctrines, and inspired a reverence and enthusiasm for their cultivation among great masses of people. On the other hand, again, theology often stands in awe of logic, and views all its modes of tuition with jealousy and apprehension. The reason for these opposite states of feeling in religious communities is, that the logical or reasoning powers have a peculiar and powerful influence over the theological element, and may be made to agitate vital and momentous questions to a serious extent. It is the established policy of Christian nations to prevent such occurrences. The action and reaction of theology and logic is strikingly observable in every period of history; and the mutual sympathy between them, even at this hour, is as active and influential as ever.

It should be the business of all the friends of the progress of knowledge, not to ignore this feeling, but to combat it, by showing its fallacy; by proclaiming the consistency of all truth; by proving that the Book of Revelation and the Book of Nature are as one; by using God's Word to explain God's works, and especially that portion of them of which we ought to know the most, and yet know the least—our own immortal, immaterial mind, and how its operations are conducted while imprisoned within its mortal frame.

The perusal of this learned and interesting history of one branch of Mental Science, will at least have this good effect:—it will satisfy the most confident how very little we yet know of the faculties whose not mysterious operations have produced so many systems and such scanty truth. If any doubt had been felt before as to the extent of our ignorance of ourselves, it will be seen here in the most striking aspect, where we find, through century after century, philosophers employed in knocking down the system each of his predecessors, to erect his own in its stead, itself to give place to another, when the world had become weary of an unsubstantial novelty not founded upon facts, and, therefore, falling before the first breeze of a changed fashion.

Mr. BLAKEY's volume is a necessary addition to his former *History of Moral Philosophy*, and is moulded on the same comprehensive plan. He traces the history of Logic from the earliest times to the present, as developed in all countries, ancient and modern. It should have a place in all Libraries of Philosophy and History, as it partakes of the nature of both.

Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism. By WILLIAM GREGORY, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London: Taylor, Walton, and Co.

DR. GREGORY informs us in his preface that his attention was first called to this subject in the autumn of 1827; for a long time he had no other knowledge of it than that derived from books—he was unable to see any of the phenomena. He was under the impression

that the power of producing them was limited to a few, and, therefore, made no attempt personally to try the experiment. It was not until 1842 that he discovered that he could himself induce the magnetic sleep, and, having thus in his hands the means of investigating the phenomena, with the assurance of their *bona fides*—because, where only himself and the patient were concerned, collusion was impossible, and without collusion they could not have been feigned—he has steadily, cautiously, and scientifically pursued his researches, and having thoroughly satisfied his own mind, he is in a position to give to the world the results of his scientific investigations. He says very candidly,

Accordingly, when in process of time I was enabled to see, and even myself to produce these phenomena, I found that I could only confirm what had been stated, with most remarkable accuracy, by previous observers. And such has, I believe, been the uniform experience of all who have fairly investigated the matter for themselves. At least, every one among those whom I know, who has not contented himself with criticising the public experiments of others (always, for reasons I have elsewhere given, more or less unsatisfactory), but has patiently examined the subject in private, has ended by admitting the essential facts, as recorded by Mesmer and his successors, however strong his own prejudices may have been. It is a point of much importance, and worthy of especial notice, that the essential statements of the early writers have been confirmed by all who have really studied the subject.

Then, again, he says,

In regard to clairvoyance, I have never seen it satisfactorily exhibited, except quite in private; and I am bound to say that in this point my experience has simply confirmed the statements made by the best observers. I feel confident that every one who chooses to devote some time and labour to the investigation, may meet with it, either in his own cases, or, in the event of his not producing this phenomenon, as sometimes occurs, in those of his friends.

In this treatise, Dr. GREGORY considers first, and answers, the objections commonly brought against Animal Magnetism; next, he describes the phenomena in an order which, although not strict, appeared to be convenient. The second part comprises a large collection of facts and cases, most of which had occurred within his own experience, or were communicated by friends in whose veracity confidence could be placed.

It is a remarkable instance of the influence of mere names, that, while it is the fashion to abuse Animal Magnetism, it is also the fashion, even with the scientific world, to profess the most unqualified belief in *Electro-biology*, which is nothing but *Mesmerism* called by another name. But there are thousands who, really satisfied of the truth of Mesmerism, and wanting the courage to avow it, are glad to be enabled to give utterance to their thoughts, when they can do so without fear of ridicule by professing *Electro-biology*, the stupid public not perceiving the identity of the thing under the difference of name.

But to this conclusion we may come:—that Animal Magnetism has advanced now to that stage in the growth of all sciences, when men have ceased to aver it to be altogether an imposture and a lie, and admit that there is something in it. Nobody now denies that there is at least a substratum of truth in Mesmerism; that some of the phenomena are genuine. This is an important point, because, when once it is admitted that there is some truth, no excuse can be offered for refusing or neglecting to investigate it, for the purpose of ascertaining the extent of that truth: it passes at once into the category of positive science; experiments are not merely permissible, but are required, and the subject is thrown fairly open for discussion and inquiry. At this stage it is that it either falls or flourishes. If it be untrue, the more the experiments tried of it, the more it is considered and debated, the more certain and speedy will be its annihilation. On the contrary, if it be a truth in nature, every fresh trial, every new controversy, fairly conducted, will only make it more and more

apparent, and not only assure its reality, but show how it is in strict accordance with the other truths of Creation. Firmly believing it, not from anything we have read, or seen, but from actual experiments conducted by ourselves under circumstances that preclude the possibility of deception, in our own family, with our own brothers, sisters, friends, and servants, we are confident that, the more it is examined, the more will its truth become apparent. If any person still doubts, we ask him or her, not to go and see what others do, but to try it with their own hands, in their own homes, with patients of their own choosing, with no other person present with them, so as to make collusion impossible: if, then, having made several trials, they do not succeed and witness most of the phenomena thus self-produced, they will be entitled to doubt it, because they will say, "I have tried it and it has not succeeded." But, until they have subjected it to this trial and found it to be a failure, they have no right to deny it on mere presumptions and possibilities. But they will not find it fail. Let any reader take any ten persons he knows and make trial with them, and he will be tolerably sure to succeed with one or more of them in producing many if not all of the phenomena of Animal Magnetism. He will fail with some, because as yet we do not know what are the physiological conditions under which the phenomena are produced; but it is not by failures but by successes that the fact is determined. If it is found in a single case, it is no less a fact in nature, even although it might have failed to be found in a thousand. As well deny the existence of pearls in oysters, because you may open ten thousand oysters and not find one. Dr. GREGORY truly says on this—

It is also utterly illogical to reason that, because of failures, the alleged facts are false. Were any man to fail in the simple experiment of dipping his finger, without injury, into red-hot melted lead, and to burn himself severely, we should not be justified in denying the fact that it may be done with impunity. Nay, a thousand failures could only prove that we did not perform, or know how to perform, the experiment properly; that we did not know, or did not attend to, the conditions necessary to success; and one successful trial would out-weigh them all. Precisely so is it with animal magnetism. The causes of failure, from the nature of the subject, are very numerous, and many of them but little understood; indeed they are so numerous, that no one who has really studied the phenomena with care, would be so rash as to promise uniform or certain success; least of all, in regard to the higher stages of magnetism.

It is not necessary to follow him through the causes of failure, especially in public experiments; they are obvious; electrical experiments, if at all delicate, will fail in a crowded room.

And here we may notice a remarkable fact mentioned by Dr. GREGORY, that there is not an instance of a man who has personally investigated the phenomena of Animal Magnetism, however opposed to it and prejudiced against it before, who has not been converted by his own experiments; nor of a man, who has once become a convert, upon further research abandoning it!

We will not further dwell upon the introductory part of this treatise, but proceed at once to Dr. GREGORY's clear descriptions of the phenomena, and as it is right that persons who really desire to prove the fact should do so by experiments conducted by themselves (the only satisfactory form of inquiry), we present his description of

HOW TO PRODUCE THE MAGNETIC SLEEP.

The first fact which we shall notice, is that of the sensations produced when one individual acts on another, describing the process usually employed.

If you will try the experiment of drawing the points of the fingers of your right hand, without contact, but very near, over the hands of several persons, downwards from the wrist, the hands being held with the palms upwards, and your fingers either all abreast, or one following the other, and repeat this, slowly, several times, you will most probably find one or more who distinctly perceive a peculiar sensation, which is not always the same in different persons. Some will feel a

slight warmth, others a slight coolness, others a pricking; some, a tingling; others a numbness. Such as perceive these sensations most distinctly may then be tested, and will be found, probably, very clear and consistent with themselves, even if blindfolded. But sometimes blindfolding produces at once a state of nervous disturbance, most unfavourable to clear perception. All this I have often tried and seen, and Reichenbach, as well as many others, has minutely described it.

You may now, having found a person susceptible to a certain extent, proceed to try the effect of passes made slowly with both your hands, downwards from the crown of the patient's head, over the face, to the pit of the stomach, or even down to the feet, always avoiding contact, but keeping as near as possible without contact. Or you may make the passes laterally, and so downwards over the arms. It is necessary to act with a cool, collected mind, and a firm will, while the patient is perfectly passive and undisturbed by noise or otherwise. He ought to look steadily at the eyes of the operator, who, in his turn, ought to gaze firmly on his subject. The passes should be continued, patiently, for some time, and will generally excite the sensations above mentioned, warmth, coolness, pricking, tingling, creeping of the skin, or numbness, according to the individual operated upon. When these sensations are very marked, the subject will, in all probability, turn out a good one. It is probable that, with patience and perseverance, a vigorous, healthy, operator, would finally succeed in affecting all persons; but in some cases, which have afterwards become very susceptible, the subjects have been only affected with great difficulty, and only after much perseverance, or even have not been at all affected on the first trial, nay, even for many successive trials. The operator must not be discouraged. If he perseveres, the chances of success are much increased, while he will often meet with cases, in which a few minutes suffice to produce strong effects.

Another, and in some cases a more successful method, is to sit down, close before the patient, to take hold of his thumbs in your thumbs and fingers, and gently pressing them, to gaze fixedly in his eyes, concentrating your mind upon him, while he does the same. This is, at least in the beginning, less fatiguing than making the unaccustomed motions of passes, although, with a little practice, it is easy to make several hundreds of passes uninterruptedly. I cannot give a decided preference to either method. Both will occasionally fail, and both are often successful. They may be combined, that is, alternated, and often with advantage.

Two things are desirable. First, a passive and willing state of mind in the patient, although faith in magnetism is not at all indispensable; but a *bona fide* passivity, or willingness to be acted on. This, however, signifies little in susceptible cases. Secondly, intense concentration on the part of the operator. It is self-evident that, to attain this, perfect silence is essential. Even the noises in the street will often distract both parties from the necessary attention, and still more, whispering among the company, moving about, the rustling of a lady's dress, &c. &c. The time required varies from a minute or two to an hour or more, but usually diminishes on repetition.

Intense gazing alone, especially if practised by both parties, will often produce the sensations above described, without close proximity. I have often seen Mr. Lewis, who likes this mode of operating, namely, gazing at a certain distance, with intensity and a firm volition, produce these sensations, and even stronger effects, in the space of five minutes, on a considerable proportion of the company, varying, perhaps, from 5 to 20 or 25 per cent, according to circumstances. But his power of concentration is truly astonishing, and is strongly indicated in his whole gesture, and in the expression of his countenance, while operating.

Lastly, these sensations may be produced by gazing, on the part of the patient alone, either at a small object in his hand, as practised by Mr. Darling with great success, or at an object placed above and before the eyes, as is done with equal success by Mr. Braid in producing hypnosis. Indeed, one difficulty in these cases is, to prevent the subject from going further, and becoming unconscious.

And the sleep itself is thus described:

ON MAGNETIC SLEEP.

The first is, a twitching of the eyelids, which begin to droop, while, even when the eyelids remain open, there is in many cases a veil, as it were, drawn before the eyes, concealing the operator's face and other objects. Now also comes on a drowsiness, and, after a time, consciousness is suddenly lost, and on awaking the patient has no idea whatever how long it is since he fell asleep, nor what has occurred during his sleep. The whole is a blank; but he generally wakes, with a deep sigh, rather suddenly, and says he has had a very pleasant sleep, without the least idea whether for five minutes or for five hours. He has been, more or less

deeply, in the magnetic or mesmeric sleep, which I shall now describe more particularly.

What are the phenomena of the Magnetic Sleep we shall consider in another notice of this very interesting book.

The Process of Thought adapted to Words and Language, together with a Description of the Relational and Differential Machines. By ALFRED SMEE. London: Longman and Co.

To Mr. SMEE the world is indebted for having given to Mesmerism a scientific name, and thus enabling thousands, who wanted the courage to confess themselves converts to it under its old name, to embrace it by its new and more learned-looking title.

Electro-biology is the apt expression invented by Mr. SMEE to indicate the science which investigates the influence of the electric fluid upon the vital and mental functions. It differs from Mesmerism in this only, that *Electro-biology* assumes electricity to be the agent in the production of the phenomena, and thus endeavours to account for them, while Mesmerism does not pretend to account for them at all, but is content to try experiments and ascertain the facts.

It was, however, with no small difficulty that we were enabled to follow Mr. SMEE through his argument, in the volume some time since published by him for the purpose of making known to the world his views upon the subject. But that which was a difficult task then, we find to be an impossible one with the book before us, designed to make an application of the system of *Electro-biology* to practical uses. We cannot even attempt an explanation of Mr. SMEE's views. "This volume," he says, "is a deduction from the general system of *Electro-biology*." It proposes to analyse and unveil the process of thought, and thence to produce "an artificial system of reasoning," which, according to Mr. SMEE, is to be *infallible*. "I dare venture to assert," he says, "that under the relational system, if rightly used, no form of sophistry or quibble can be successfully employed, and it has the merit of allowing any number of premises to be used."

As we confess our inability to comprehend the system from a perusal of the volume, it would not be fair to the ingenious author to attempt an imperfect and possibly incorrect description of it. We can, therefore, do no more than thus state its design, and the difficulty we have encountered, and leave it to the more persevering, or the more acute, to determine whether there is any and what truth in the assertion that it is possible to reduce reasoning to mechanism, and measure truth with a carpenter's rule.

At all events, very great ingenuity has been applied to the invention of the scheme, and we regret that Mr. SMEE did not construct one of his machines, and prove its worth in the face of the assembled world at the Great Exhibition, where it would have surpassed in wonder all other wonders.

HISTORY.

Historical and Descriptive Account of the Caricatures of James Gillray; comprising a Political and Humorous History of the latter part of the Reign of George the Third. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., F.S.A., and R. H. EVANS, Esq. London: Bohn. 1851.

THOSE who have travelled can appreciate the blessing of a good cicerone: of one whose sound taste and readiness of description hit alike the salient points of interest, and place the spectator at once "à plomb," by a nice exercise of condensation to the whole bearing of the scene on which he lingers. We need not further enforce this remark than by recalling to the painful recollection of many—happy, indeed, is the stranger to it!—"the

pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" incident to a visit to some show place—a picture gallery, for instance, where, after a painful struggle to keep pace with the monotonous twaddle of the old housekeeper or apathetic butler, we swell the crowd of eager listeners, snatching up information, like sixpences in a scramble, until, after a three or four hours' promenade, we make our exit in a glorious mist of confusion, with triumphal deeds, and names imperfectly heard, jumbled together in epochs, the memory vainly endeavours to arrange. So much for the necessity of discrimination in arranging materials, and for a fit appliance to the characters and times we wish to portray. It is the absence of these which renders our biographies infinitely, as a class, the worst literature of the day. How often are the most important crises of a life slurred over by the too great prominence given to comparative trivialities; how often are the hero and heroine themselves submerged by the flood of correspondence, sometimes far more interesting than their own?

Now, by a choice selection of materials, admirably arranged and brought together, so succinctly yet strikingly as never to pall upon the reader; Mr. BOHN, with the able aid of Messrs. WRIGHT and EVANS, has composed, for the public instruction and amusement, one of the most interesting volumes which even he has furnished; connected with a remarkable epoch in our national history and explanatory of the works of our greatest English caricaturist—JAMES GILLRAY.

Romance, indeed, attaches itself no less to the author than to his work. Of the first traces are presented, under various phases of existence, from the commencement of his career as an engraver—(which occupation soon disgusted him), to his entrance upon the profession of a strolling player, and finally to his employment as a caricaturist, during his residence with Mrs. HUMPHREY, the publisher in Bond-street, at whose house he died in 1815. As to the engravings themselves, to which the present volume forms a descriptive accompaniment, their history affords, indeed, a remarkable instance of the vicissitudes of literary property. After producing a considerable income to the late Mrs. HUMPHREY, who, on one occasion, raised one thousand pounds on the coppers as a security in deposit, and subsequently refused 500*l.* for them from the present publisher, they fell into the hands of the lady's executors, who, ignorant of their value, sold them for as many shillings, and they were saved from the melting pot only by a timely discovery of the transfer. Thus, from this incident alone, the public are able to obtain a most important work at trivial cost, to illustrate which, the volume subjected to our present remarks has been prepared, with every addition of most laborious research necessary to render such illustration accurate and complete. The caricatures themselves amount to 582, extending from the year 1779 to 1818, and though politically referring to the Whig coalition and to the persons concerned therein, yet embrace every kind of topic or circumstance descriptive of the chicanery of public servants, or the peccadillos of otherwise private men. Sometimes, as in ridiculing the parsimony of GEORGE III. and his consort, the reckless extravagance of the Prince, or the venality of some illustrious placeman, the satire conveyed is of the boldest caricature, but, the lines of the engraver would have long since faded, as the follies and fame of "the great of old" alike are fast fading from the memory, had they not met in this volume with interpreters at once powerful to arrest the progress of decay, and to stereotype the facts and personages lastingly on the mind, by anecdotes of most original derivation, told in the kindred spirit of that most witty day.

We feel, indeed, that it is wronging a volume of such interest to present but isolated sketches of the style and incidents which illuminate it,

but a few quotations will, doubtless, exhibit sufficient attractiveness to cause our readers to consult the pages further. The following describes

NO. XCVL

The Dagger Scene: or, the Plot discovered.

DUNDAS, PITT, FOX, SHERIDAN, M. A. TAYLOR, BURKE.

December 30th, 1792.—This print commemorates an extraordinary piece of theatrical effect played off by Burke in the House of Commons, on the 28th of December, 1792. It was the debate on the introduction of Lord Grenville's Alien Act. Burke spoke in support of the ministerial measure; and, to heighten the effect of one of his eloquent declamations against French atrocities, and English imitations of them, and on the spirit which he said was abroad in this country, he drew out a Brummagem dagger, which he had brought with him into the house, and kept concealed on his person, till the critical moment of exhibition, when he threw it on the floor. He insinuated that certain members of the House were acquainted with the purpose for which such instruments were being manufactured. The effect for the moment is said to have been quite extraordinary. The Opposition, however, treated the exhibition with derision, rather than with alarm. The dagger was itself probably of a rather equivocal form, and Sheridan said—"You have thrown down a knife, where is the fork?" which electrified the House with laughter.

Since the above was in print, the publisher has obtained some most interesting communications relative to the above remarkable transaction. "As to the dagger itself," the present Lord ELDON describes it as "a foot long in the blade, and about five inches in the handle, of coarse workmanship, and might serve either for a dagger or a pikehead." The incident tends to show, practically, the clap-net instruments even great reasoners would sometimes condescend to use, at a period when with classic taste walked hand-in-hand the most inflated and surreptitious bombast.

Our next extract refers to circumstances in the life of PITT, not very generally known; we mean his passion for the Hon. CATHERINE ISABELLA EDEN; the overture made to him to marry the daughter of NECKER, afterwards the celebrated Madame DE STAEL; and lastly an illustration of the peculiar character of PITT's wit; it will be seen from these that, while Messrs. WRIGHT and EVANS have spared no pains to bring books already known to the public, in aid of illustration to GILLRAY, they have added original details, in which last indeed, the volume richly abounds.

NO. CLXIV.

The Nuptial Bower.

PITT, Hon. CATHERINE ISABELLA EDEN, FOX, the Evil One, peeping at the charms of Eden.

February 13, 1797.—Whoever is acquainted with the personal character of Mr. Pitt only from the narrative of his biographers, will conclude that he was cold, stiff, and unbending, "*Indocilis privata logui*," incapable of descending from his dignity, and unwilling to indulge in the relaxation of familiar conversation, and the pleasures of domestic life. He is here represented in a more amiable point of view, a successful suitor for the hand of a fair lady, and conducting her to the Nuptial Bower. "The tattle of the town," says Burke in a letter to Mrs. Crewe, dated December 27, 1796, "is of a marriage between a daughter of Lord Auckland and Mr. Pitt, and that our statesman, our *premier des hommes*, will take his Eve from the Garden of Eden. It is lucky there is no serpent there, though plenty of fruit." (See Burke's Correspondence, as published by Earl Fitzwilliam, vol. 4, p. 417.)

The rumour obtained belief, and PITT's favourite niece, Lady HESTER STANHOPE, who resided with him, thus describes her feelings on the subject of her uncle's intended wedding:

Mr. Pitt loved ardently Lord Auckland's daughter. She was the only woman I could ever have wished him to marry. I had never seen her, and, as she frequented Beckenham Church, I went on a visit to Mr. Grote, the banker, to get a sight of her. I went to church with Mr. Long's brother. As soon as we appeared in the pew, she knew who I was, and her whole body became of one deep red: a paleness followed; she dropped her head, put her hand to her face, and bent over her book as if praying. When the service was over, I considered that the meeting with her was not a scene fit for the church porch, but I was resolved to have a close

look at her; as we approached her, she pretended to be talking in an animated manner with some of her party, but her attention was evidently turned towards me. When we saluted, I saw she was beautiful—very beautiful: (Lady H. Stanhope's Memoirs, vol. 1, p. 177.)

From the issue, we find that **PITT** indeed loved ardently, for we are told, upon the same authority, that "he almost broke his heart when he gave her up, but he considered that she was not a woman to be left at will when business might require it, and he sacrificed his own feelings to his sense of public duty." There are also other reasons. Mr. **PITT** would say, "there is her mother, such a chatterer; and the family intrigues, I can't keep them out of my house; and for my King's and country's sake I must remain a single man." (P. 178-9.)

It is a pity that the fear of family discord in prospective, should mar the otherwise unselfish devotion of the patriot; yet even the imperturbable **PITT**, we find, dared not face a mother-in-law! After his death, the lady married the Right Hon. **NICHOLAS VANSITTART** (Lord **BEXLEY**), recently deceased.

In 1783, "A most extraordinary proposal of marriage was made to Mr. **PITT**," and the affair is related on the authority of Mr. **WILBERFORCE**. "NECKER is said to have offered to endow his daughter with a fortune of 14,000*l.* per annum"—it having been previously intimated to **PITT**, "through the intervention of **HORACE WALPOLE**, that he would be an acceptable suitor"—but Mr. **PITT** replied, "I am already married to my country." (Wilberforce's Life, vol. I. p. 39-40.)

A word upon the characteristic of his wit is worthy of record:

His biographers have not done justice to his conversational talents, with which he could enliven and delight a private circle. We will adduce a most interesting instance, occurring where most of our readers would least expect to find him—in **Falstaff's Tavern** capping verses from **Shakspeare**. **Pitt**, when free from shyness, and amongst his intimate companions, was the very soul of merriment and conversation. He was the wittiest man I ever knew, and, what was quite peculiar to himself, had at all times his wit under entire control. Every possible combination of ideas seemed always present to his mind, and he could at once produce whatever he desired. I was one of those who met to spend an evening in memory of **Shakspeare**, at the **Boar's Head**, **Eastcheap**. Many professed wits were present, but **Pitt** was the most amusing of the party, and the readiest and most apt in the required allusions. (Wilberforce's Life, vol. I, p. 18.)

So long as human nature forms the subject-matter for the caricaturist to work upon, we shall never want variety, though it be left to each several taste, and not unfrequently to the disposition of the hour, to view its foibles and follies through the tears of **HERACLITUS** or the laughter of his rival. In this volume, we turn rapidly from grave to gay, the bias of course, from the very work itself, tending ever to the latter; and certain it is, that in the mockery of ridicule is conveyed the stern lesson of truth. The whole work is ably done; there is no repetition, no fatigue; the most ascetic cannot forbear to smile at many laughter-loving episodes, and even the politician may consult the volume as one in which state details, imperfectly ascertained hitherto, are jotted down. At one moment we have "A Market Day." Lord **THURLOW**, as a grazier, attending **Smithfield Market**, and examining the beasts, on whose heads are inscribed the names of **GRAFTON**, **AMHERST**, **SANDWICH**, and others; even the "King himself is represented as eager to be bought, though **WARREN HASTINGS** is seen as a butcher, riding off with His Majesty in the shape of a calf. **PITT** and **DUNDAS** are quietly enjoying themselves at the sign of the **Crown**, heedless of the bustle below." "Frying sprats and toasting muffins, 1791." Two small but very clever caricatures on the parsimonious habits of the King and Queen: in the first, the Queen is represented carefully frying her own sprats; in the second, the king is in the full enjoyment of toasting his own muffins.

An opportunity for one of the most amusing

anecdotes is taken, in this volume, from **HORNE TOOKE's** resistance to be expelled from a seat in the House in consequence of his clerical profession. In No. 259, entitled "Political Amusements for Young Gentlemen, or the Old Brentford Shuttlecock, between Old Sarum and the Temple of St. Stephen," we are introduced to Lords **TEMPLE** and **CAMELFORD**, with **HORNE TOOKE**. The two noblemen are playing at battledore in St. Stephen's Chapel—the shuttlecock is **HORNE TOOKE's** head, into which five feathers are inserted severally inscribed, Deceit, Vanity, Jacobinism, New Morality, Envy; a clerical band is fastened under the shuttlecock. Lord **CAMELFORD** calls out, "There's a stroke for you, messmate, and if you kick him back, I'll return him again if I should be sent a cruise to Moorfields for it: Go it, Coz!" Lord **TEMPLE** answers, "Send him back? Yes, I'll send him back, twenty thousand times, before such a high-flying Jacobin shuttlecock should perch it here, in his clerical band." The incident to which this refers, appears to have been this. **HORNE**, who afterwards assumed the name of **TOOKE**, was ordained a priest in 1760, and was instituted to the living of New Brentford. Subsequently, through his intimacy with **WILKES**, having plunged deeply into politics, he resigned his benefice, studied the law, and in 1801 was returned for Old Sarum, a borough in the nomination of Lord **CAMELFORD**. Upon this, Lord **TEMPLE**, having carried a motion for a search of precedents to the election of clerical members, moved that **TOOKE** was ineligible as a priest to sit "in this House." The latter, however, maintained his right, in a speech which convinced the members, and from which we extract the following humorous portion, as given in this "Account."

They say it is improper for a clergyman to sit in this house: do things, then, pass here improper for a clergyman to witness? The door, however, is not absolutely barred against me. There is an unfortunate clergyman who has lately been guilty of adultery, and the cry has been loud that he should be deprived. Were he really deprived, Sir, I suppose there cannot be a doubt that, being no longer in orders, he would be eligible to a seat in this house. But still, Sir, they object to me on account of my being a clergyman. If I had been tainted with infidelity, and tried to make proselytes to it, I should then be as competent to sit here as any member present. This reminds me of an occurrence which took place in this city a few years ago. A poor girl, in very indigent circumstances, and quite destitute, went to a director of the Magdalen Hospital, and applied to be taken in. "Why," said he, "tis true there is now a vacancy, and I have no objection to admit you: but first let me hear something of your history. Who seduced you? Where have you lived since?" "Seduced me!" exclaimed the girl, "I am as innocent as the child unborn: I may be poor, your honour, but I'm very honest." "You won't do for us, then," replied the governor, "if you wish admittance here, you must go and qualify yourself by prostitution!" That innocence should in any way be a disqualification!

The day in which **HORNE TOOKE** made this defence, was one in which **MOMUS** swayed an equal sceptre with **APOLLO**. However erroneous his logic, his humour at all events succeeded, and he continued to sit in Parliament until 1802, after which he was ineligible to re-election, an act having been passed in the interim, at the suggestion of Mr. **ADDINGTON**, rendering clergymen inadmissible as members.

An anecdote of **TIERNY**, referred to in a note appended to a very elaborate elucidation of plate 174 (the Friend of Humanity and Knife Grinder, 1797), presents us with the famous repartee of **DUDLEY NORTH**, in allusion to **TIERNY's** singular failure in oratory on one occasion. **TIERNY**, it is well known, was a most fluent and ready speaker, and only faltered in this single instance. Having risen to reply to **PITT's** motion for an inquiry into the state of the Navy, he alluded to the difficulties the **Pittites** and **Foxites** must have felt in passing over to join each other, and illustrated it by the puzzle of the Fox, the Goose, and the Bag of Corn, when he suddenly faltered, and hesitated for some time in elucidating the similitude. "Oh!" said **DUDLEY**

NORTH, "he has just recollected, he is describing himself: he has left the Fox, gone over to the Goose, and pocketed the Bag of Corn."

The character of this, one of the most remarkable epochs in English history, seized in all its most striking features by one, whose art secured what his fancy in its full originality of comprehension caught, assures the reader that variety will form a chief ingredient in the work. The political events exemplified in the series alone form a very fair guarantee, as they are elucidated by Messrs. **WRIGHT** and **EVANS**, that the title of their volume is no misnomer but "a humorous" digest of such "history." The sufferings of **JOHN BULL**, under taxation incident to "a long war and a dishonourable peace;" the characters of the men he trusted, and who alternately sacrificed (except in **PITT's** case) his interest to the expediency of the passing hour: the spirited appeals made to the patriotism of the country, by a burlesque upon the French invasion, and for sustaining which patriotism **GILLRAY** deserved a pension no less than **DINDIN**, who obtained one: individual narrative also in caricature, as that of **COBBETT**, Sir **FRANCIS BURDETT**, the Duke of York, the celebrated Mrs. **CLARKE**, and a host of others, rescued from oblivion by **GILLRAY's** pencil, have given ample materials of which they have ably availed themselves, to the compilers of this volume, for rendering it strikingly instructive. Records are to be found here, which may vainly be sought for in the biographies of these celebrated men. At the close of the book we enter upon a number of sketches, called distinctively the Miscellaneous series; though the Political, as we have shown, admits personal as well as national, burlesque; and, as if to prove the inexhaustible nature of the artist's humour, "the numerous ills which flesh is heir to," are as vividly set forth, as the lineaments of those unfortunate debauchees, whose youthful intemperance purchased such ills in reversion to their age. The text of the caricaturist lies in the human heart, and dull indeed must that person be who can miss the application, with so descriptive a work as the present, before him to form the commentary.

The Chronicle of Battel Abbey, from 1066 to 1176. Now first translated, with Notes, &c. By MARK ANTONY LOWER, M.A. London: J. R. Smith.

The original of this *Chronicle* is in the Cottonian Collection of Manuscripts in the British Museum. It is written on 129 leaves of vellum of small quarto size, and is evidently of the latter part of the 12th century. The MS. was copied by the late Mr. **PETRIE**, under the direction of the Record Commission, with a view to its forming part of our National *Chronicles*. After his death, the Anglica Christiana Society obtained from Sir **JAMES GRAHAM** a loan of the copy, which was edited and printed at the Society's expense. The translation before us has been made by Mr. **LOWER** from that edition; he has removed some of the bombastic phraseology and inflated descriptions, without maiming the meaning. In this, its English dress, it is as readable in style as it is strange, amusing, and instructive in substance.

The *Chronicle* commences with the Invasion of **WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR**, and extends to the year 1176. It narrates the story of the Invasion, the Conquest, the Vow of the Conqueror to found a Monastery on the field of battle,—the fulfilment of that vow—the privileges of the Abbey, with its exemption from civil and episcopal jurisdiction; the origin of the town of **Battel**; the royal and other benefactions; the feudal customs; the quarrels and suits between the bishops of **Chichester** and the abbots concerning jurisdiction; the acts and characters of the abbots; the suits and negotiations relating to the possessions of the Abbey; and with these are mingled many curious facts illustrative of national manners

and customs; miracles, anecdotes of the Norman Kings, architecture of the monasteries, and other matters still of great interest.

Of the identity of the author nothing is known with certainty beyond the fact that he was a monk of Battel Abbey. "A few passages" says Mr. Lower, "would almost incline one to believe that Abbot Odo, who was living at the date of the last event narrated in the work, and who is known to have been a literary character of some eminence, was the writer of at least some portions of it."

A few passages will serve, with the above outline of its contents, to introduce this very curious book to our readers.

The following were the

PRIVILEGES OF BATTEL ABBEY.

Thus did this most excellent prince, this justly styled king, William, appoint and confirm to his Abbey of Battel, as before said, its leuga, and all its manors and possessions, to be free and quit for ever from every custom of earthly service, that is to say, from all geld, and scot, and hidage, and danegeld, and shires, and hundreds, and all pleas and plaints, and from all aids, and lestages, and essarts, and inclosures, and from all works of castles, and parks, and bridges, and military levies, with sac, and soc, and thol and theam, and infang-theft, and warpeni, and hamsoken, and forestal, and blodwite, and cildwite, and latrociniun, that may happen in the Abbey's lands; and if homicide shall happen anywhere upon the lands of his Abbey, within the leuga, the manors, or their members, no one ought to interfere except the abbot and his monks. He further granted, that if any treasure should be found in their lands, it should belong exclusively to them. He also gave them free warren everywhere throughout the leuga and the manors.

This noble prince further commanded that the Abbey, with all its lands and possessions, should be free and secure from all domination of princes, barons, and bishops, and from the exactions of all persons whatsoever; and that its tenants should be exempt from all toll, and make all their marketings everywhere throughout the kingdom, without payment of that impost; and that all persons molesting them on this account should incur royal forfeiture.

In addition to all this, he granted, that if any of his barons or their tenants should at any time give lands or possessions to the Abbey, it should enjoy, in respect of them, all the same liberty and royal dignity as we have before mentioned; that the servants of God, entirely quit and free, might devote themselves to Him in peace.

One of the earliest of the Abbots was Abbot RALPH, under whose rule the foundation flourished amazingly. This was

THE CHARACTER OF ABBOT RALPH.

Although he continually governed those who were under his authority, yet he himself was subservient to rules, and commanded no one as a master. He sustained the infirmities of others, and called them forth to strength. His acts corresponded with what he taught; his example preceded his doctrine. He inculcated a prompt attendance upon divine service, and, supporting his aged limbs upon his staff, preceded the young men to it. Ever first at the choir, he was uniformly the last to quit it. Thus was he a pattern of good works—a Martha and a Mary. He was the serpent and the dove; he was a Noah amidst the waters. While he never willingly rejected the raven, he always gladly received the dove. He governed the clean and the unclean; a prudent ruler under all circumstances. He knew both how to bear with Ham, and how to bestow his blessing upon Shem and Japhet. Like a prudent husbandman, he caused the occupied lands to be promptly cultivated, and those that lay waste to be added in, and by this means increased their yearly value by the sum of twenty pounds. Meanwhile, he overlooked not the spiritual husbandry, tilling earthly hearts with the ploughshare of good doctrine in many books which he wrote, stimulating them thereby to bear the fruit of good works; and although his style was homely, yet was it rich in the way of morality.

In the springiness of his foot he was a Daniel; in the sufferings of his body a Job; in the bending of his knees a Bartholomew, bending them full often in supplication, though he could scarcely move them in walking. Every day he sang through the whole Psalter in order, hardly ceasing from his genuflections and his psalmody three days previously to his death.

His successors appear to have been continually engaged in defending their privileges against the Bishop of Chichester, who claimed to have jurisdiction over the Abbey. The con-

flict was carried on vigorously, and one scene of it will give a lively picture of the times.

THE BISHOP v. THE ABBOT.

The Bishop of Chichester compelled the attendance of the Abbot of Battel at his synod at Chichester, and insisted on his payment of all episcopal dues according to the canons. He also demanded entertainment in the Abbey and in its manors, upon his episcopal right, as if by established custom. By these means he earnestly hoped to carry his point of subjecting the abbot and his establishment to his authority. In the further exercise of his usurped power, he declared that the Abbot-elect of Battel was bound by ecclesiastical custom to seek consecration, with canonical profession, in the cathedral of Chichester, and thenceforward to be wholly subject to himself and his see.

The abbot, on the other hand, copied examples, not of pride, but of patience and humility. Sometimes by word of mouth, and sometimes by means of messengers despatched to Chichester, he declared the freedom and privilege of his Abbey, explaining how King William—whom Divine Providence had conveyed into England in order to take possession of his just rights—had, upon the field of battle, with the concurrence of all his followers, made a vow to give that place to the Lord Christ, as freely as he should be enabled to acquire it for himself; and how, when by God's favour he had obtained the victory, he fulfilled that vow by building upon the spot an Abbey in honour of God and S. Martin, for the salvation of all, and especially of all that were then slain, as free and quit of all exaction of earthly service, and from all subjection and authority and domination of bishops, as is Christ Church of Canterbury. He further showed how this had been ratified at the advice and with the attestation of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Stigand, Bishop of Chichester, and many others by their signatures; and also how Stigand, Bishop of Chichester, had, in the presence of Gausbert the first abbot, and his monks, to the utmost extent of his power, confirmed it in like manner by his letters; so that from that time, as all men knew, the Abbey of S. Martin of Battel had been totally exempt from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Chichester. In this reasonable manner did the abbot meet the claims of this great man, earnestly demanding, at the same time, that he would suffer the Abbey to retain, in pure and inviolable right, what it had hitherto possessed with the authority of such distinguished persons.

To this, however, the bishop would by no means consent; but, entertaining much ill-will against the abbot, threatened that, unless he attended the synod, he would, after the expiration of a year, bind him with the chain of excommunication, in solemn synod, according to canonical authority. Relying upon the power of Pope Eugenius (III.), and the venerable Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, and many others, whose favour he enjoyed, he hoped for nothing less than the entire subjugation of the abbot and convent of Battel to himself and his church. But, disappointed by vain hopes and counsels, he could not carry his intentions into effect. Thus hope, based upon doubtful conditions, has sometimes deceived many.

At a certain time, during the reign of the above-mentioned most pious King Stephen, the abbot was summoned to attend a synod at Chichester. Not complying, he was interdicted by the bishop, with the understanding that, unless he should attend to make satisfaction within forty days, he should be suspended from his office. When the abbot heard of this sentence, he hastened to the court at S. Alban's, and brought the matter into the royal hall; whereupon the king summoned one of his clerks, named Robert de Cornuilla, and sent him to the bishop, commanding and charging him, "that as the Abbey of S. Martin of Battel was as free and quit from all exaction and oppression as the free chapel of the king, or as the royal crown itself, he should suffer those who dwelt therein to serve the Lord Christ in peace."

The Bishop and Abbot were summoned before the King, and, after a hearing, judgment was given in favour of the latter. But there was no peace between them after all, for the conflict was still continued for many years.

An Index to the Pedigrees and Arms contained in the Herald's Visitations and other Genealogical MSS. in the British Museum. By R. SIMS. London: John Russell Smith.

THIS is a most useful compilation, of great service to the Genealogist, and which must have cost its author an immense labour, for which every one professing an interest in those subjects will thank him. It is intended to be a companion to Sir HARRIS NICHOLAS'S *Catalogue of the Herald's Visitations in the British Museum*. Many new manuscripts are also included in this Index,

which were not catalogued before; in fact, it supplies a want most sensibly felt by every one having to make researches through those important documents.

A distinction is made between those entries on the visitations which are arms only, and those which have pedigrees attached.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of William Wordsworth. By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., Canon of Westminster. 2 vols. London: C. Moxon. 1851.

LITTLE more than a twelvemonth has passed away since the poet WORDSWORTH breathed his last among his Westmoreland Hills, and here already are two thick volumes of *Memoirs of a life which was not only one of the most laborious, but one of the longest ever spent by a British poet.* Considering the time which elapsed between the deaths of BYRON and SCOTT, and the appearance of their respective biographies by MOORE and LOCKHART, the praise of alacrity must certainly be conceded to Dr. WORDSWORTH, who might have lingered over his task for a similar reason to that which probably made MOORE and LOCKHART linger over theirs, namely, because the venerable poet had appointed him his biographer, and he had, therefore, nothing to fear from competition. It is true, that in literature, speed of execution is by no means synonymous with merit, but in this case the task of biography was not one requiring much research or deliberation, and Dr. WORDSWORTH may have done well in not delaying to furnish what light the record of his illustrious uncle's placid life can throw on works which are now studied by every person of any pretension to poetic taste or feeling. Unlike many famous poets, WORDSWORTH was not a man of the world. His relations, with distinguished contemporaries, or with contemporaries of any kind, were too few and slight, he was too indifferent to the interests and controversies of his day, his life was too deficient in depressions and elevations, too little marked by what are vulgarly called "incidents," to give his biography the stirring charm which attaches to those of BYRON and SCOTT, CHATEAUBRIAND and GOETHE. There have, indeed, been poets, such for instance as COWPER and GRAY, whose lives have been quite as unmarked as WORDSWORTH'S by outward vicissitudes, and yet whose correspondence has attained a popularity almost exceeding that of their elaborate literary productions. But the charm of correspondence lies in a certain familiar vivacity, while WORDSWORTH, partly on principle, and partly from temperament, was indisposed to letter-writing, and of that frank communing with friends of which SOUTHER'S recently published correspondence is full, there is scarcely a trace in the present work. Not very much, therefore, had been left to Dr. WORDSWORTH to do, but what was left he has performed with diligence and feeling. His own narrative is clear and unaffected, and WORDSWORTH'S private letters, never without interest, and often replete with grave wisdom, are given in due quantity. Personal reminiscences by himself and others aim at setting the poet before us as he looked and lived. There are, besides, interesting extracts from Miss WORDSWORTH'S unpublished diary, chiefly descriptive of the tours, which in the earlier portion of their life, the poet and his sister loved to make in company. And what will be specially valuable to the minute student of WORDSWORTH'S works, the biographer has made frequent use of a M.S. furnished him by an intimate friend of the poet, which contains accounts dictated by WORDSWORTH of the origin of most of his works, great and small. Altogether the book is a memorial of WORDSWORTH, conceived and executed in the spirit which he himself would have desired and approved.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th April, 1770, the second of five children, another of

whom, CHRISTOPHER, also reached distinction, living to be Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in which capacity, and as the author of various ecclesiastical works, he is favourably remembered. For many centuries, the WORDSWORTHS had been a respectable family, diffused throughout the northern counties; and, at the time of the poet's birth, his parents resided at Cockermouth, where JOHN, his father, was an attorney of some eminence, and law-agent to the great nobleman of the district—the Earl of LONSDALE. Both parents are described as persons of warmth of disposition and vigour of mind, the mother, especially, being noted for her wisdom and piety; and, as Cockermouth is picturesquely situated, the poet's early circumstances were favourable. At the age of eight, however, he lost his mother, whom his father survived only a few years, and, immediately after the former's bereavement, he was sent to school at Hawkshead, in Lancashire, a small market town embosomed in the sweet and peaceful beauty of Esthwaite Dale. In a brief autobiographical sketch prefixed to the present work, WORDSWORTH describes himself as a child of "stiff, moody, and violent temper," so much so, that his mother declared that he was the only one of her children respecting whose future fate she was anxious, being certain that he would be remarkable either for good or for evil. For a boy of such a disposition, nothing could be luckier than the seven or eight years of wholesome influence which he spent at Hawkshead. In his mode of life there, freedom and obedience were happily blended, for he passed his days only at school, and "boarded out" with one of those ancient "dames" of rustic shrewdness, for whom the northern counties used to be famous. Although, when WILLIAM came to Hawkshead, he brought with him but little Latin, from a two years' previous schooling at Cockermouth, yet, what was more important, a love of nature and of poetry had been developed in him, by wandering on the banks of the Derwent, and the care with which his father had impressed on his memory the best passages of SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, and SPENSER. At Hawkshead, thanks to a good teacher, he made fair progress in classical learning, specially distinguishing himself in the verse-exercises of the school; and, in those unmolested leisure hours which he devoted to reading, the happy boy caught glimpses of the stirring world which lay beyond his secluded valley, in the novels of FIELDING, which, with *Gil Blas*, *Don Quixote*, and SWIFT, he has noted as his favourite books. Still more, the violent temper which had alarmed his mother, found a healthy vent in hardy and innocent adventure among the fields and floods, the groves and hills which surrounded him, unconsciously nurturing in him that deep, ineffable love of Nature which afterwards threatened to swallow up his whole being. Under the roof of his village dame, he gathered too, traits and anecdotes of the notabilities of the district, which blended a living human interest with the tasks of school, and the joys of a free intercourse with Nature; and more than one of the biographies of these rustic heroes was long after transplanted from the memory of early years, into his noble poem, *The Excursion*. Few pictures of a poet's boyhood are more pleasing and cheerful than the one here set before us. Compared with the young years of BYRON and SHELLEY, or even of SOUTHEY and COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH must be pronounced to have been, in this respect, singularly fortunate.

But these halcyon years could not last, and manhood with its toils and cares was approaching. WORDSWORTH's father had died in 1783, the poet's fourteenth year, and the only property he left was a large sum due to him by the LOWTHER family, a claim which was stiffly contested, and not settled until after many years. The family were bequeathed to the care of two uncles, by whom WILLIAM in his 18th year was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, with the view of qualifying him to

push his fortunes. The next four years, between his arrival at Cambridge and his departure from it, on taking his degree, were not spent in idleness, but neither were they devoted to the industry requisite to fit him for what in the eyes of the world is considered "the business of life." The beautiful district he had left behind him, and the temptations of miscellaneous literature were too much for him. He studied Italian, and wrote his first elaborate poem, the *Evening Walk*—a minute and sonorous descriptive piece. He spent one of his vacations in Switzerland, and turned his new experiences into more rhyme in the *Descriptive Sketches*. At last, in the autumn of 1791, he took his degree, and was asked to enter the church, which he declined to do on the ground of youth. Instead, he paid a twelve months' visit to France, where the revolution was in full career, landing in November, 1791, when the Girondins were in power, and leaving it towards the close of 1792, just after the September massacres and the flinging back from the French soil of the Duke of BRUNSWICK's army of invasion. In his autobiographical poem, *The Prelude*, WORDSWORTH has glowingly described the joy and hope with which, in the ardour of youth, he welcomed that stupendous series of events. Yet it is curious to observe that of his twelve-month in France he spent but a few days in Paris, the centre of the startling drama, and with a characteristic preference loitered rather on the banks of the Loire, drinking in their varied beauty. Towards the beginning of 1793, he returned to England, and there led for other four years a wandering life of tour and visit with and among his college friends. During most of this period his mind was unsettled as his prospects, and often ill at ease. The "horrors of the French Revolution" had shaken without subverting his faith in democracy, and he hovered between poetry and politics, now composing verses, now pamphlets, projecting periodicals, and seriously thinking of employing himself on the opposition newspaper press. Meanwhile, his friends in the north were vexed and disappointed with him, and at the end of the four years their pecuniary help was, it would seem, on the point of being withdrawn. At this epoch, when want was at arms' length from him, we find him at Penrith, nursing a young admiring friend named RAISLEY CALVERT, who was dying of consumption. After a few weeks tending, the young CALVERT died, and WORDSWORTH found himself the unexpected legatee of—nine hundred pounds!

WORDSWORTH was now twenty-five, an age when it is time to form definite resolves respecting the conduct of life. What was he to do? For law or medicine his poetical temperament unfitted him, and by more serious considerations he was still precluded from entering the church. Nor had he the ready pen, the flowing industry, and the immense stores of information with which SOUTHEY fronted the world as an author by profession. So circumstanced, another man might have been wrecked, but luckily for WORDSWORTH his few years of wandering had not impaired his principles or deteriorated his habits; he was frugal, patient, stoical: his dissipation had been of the mind, and of the mind only. On this 900*l.* he and his sister (who never henceforth left his side, and on whose affectionate and lofty nature he leant through life,) supported themselves until the year 1802, when the debt due to his father by the LOWTHER family was paid, and he was enabled to marry an early love, MARY HUTCHINSON, who had learnt her letters with him at the dame's school at Cockermouth! The intervening six years between the death of CALVERT and his marriage in 1802, were amongst the most genial and productive of WORDSWORTH's life. It was during them that he formed his life-long friendship with COLERIDGE, in whose company he visited Germany, and stimulated by whom he planned and began that great philosophic poem on the growth of his own mind, of which

The Prelude and *The Excursion* are the only published portions. During these years his abode often fluctuated from one part of England to another, and to the Continent, but it was during them that his purposes were fixed, and that, laying aside all other thoughts, he dedicated himself, with a seriousness unknown in English poetry since MILTON, to the office of a philosophic poet, the priest, as he conceived it, of the sublime and beautiful in nature and man. In 1798, he published a first, and in 1801, a second volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*, of which it is enough to say that the former contained the lines on "Tintern Abbey," and the latter such poems as "Hart Leap Well," and "The Old Cumberland Beggar." Their sale was slow, and the critics were severe on the frequent baldness of the diction, and what often seemed the affected childishness of the subjects; but, right or wrong, WORDSWORTH had gone to work with himself too seriously to heed criticism. "If my poetry is from above," as he afterwards wrote, "it will last; if not, it does not deserve to last."

From 1802, the year of his marriage, to 1850, the year of his death, there is an interval of almost half a century, but so unbroken was the even tenor of WORDSWORTH's life that it may be briefly dismissed, the chief points of his biography being henceforth the successive publications of his works. At the period of his marriage he was settled in the lovely vale of Grasmere, from which, in 1813, he removed to Rydal Mount, his residence ever afterwards, embosomed in the sloping side of a rocky hill, from which it commands a view of, not only the little lake of Rydal, but of Windermere, and the noble mountains all around. The year that he removed to Rydal, the unsolicited kindness of Lord LONSDALE procured him the post of Stamp Distributor for the County of Westmoreland, a comparative sinecure, which yielded him an income sufficient even for the wants of an increasing family, and which he was able, in his later years, to resign in favour of his eldest son; and as characteristic of WORDSWORTH, it may be mentioned that he declined a much more lucrative situation of the same kind at Whitehaven, rather than exchange his modest hill-side mansion for a residence in a town. In 1814, *The Excursion* made its appearance, the most elaborate of the works published in his lifetime, and provoked, from the pen of his steady antagonist, the late Lord JEFFREY, the celebrated critique in *The Edinburgh Review*, which began with the famous expression: "This will never do." For a long time it seemed as if *The Excursion* and WORDSWORTH's poetry in general would not "do." But gradually the younger poets and critics, the JOHN WILSONS and DE QUINCEY's, declared their allegiance to him, and a quarter of a century after the publication of *The Excursion*, the feelings towards him of a new generation were sufficiently proved by the unexampled enthusiasm which greeted him (in 1849) when he received at Oxford, in assembled convocation, its highest honorary distinction, the degree of D.C.L. In 1843, on the death of SOUTHEY, Sir ROBERT PEEL pressed on WORDSWORTH the vacant Laureatship, which he accepted only on condition that nothing should be expected from him. During his last years, Rydal Mount had become the central attraction of the beautiful district which his genius had made famous, and even the late Queen ADELAIDE was proud to rank herself among the visitors of the venerable poet. Finally, to close this hurried record, WORDSWORTH died full of years and honours at Rydal Mount, on the 23rd of April, 1850, SHAKESPEARE's birthday and death-day. He was eighty when he departed, and is thus, with the exception of GOETHE, the longest-lived of modern poets.

We shall now proceed to give some extracts from the volumes before us, and as it is not every day we meet with a WORDSWORTH, we are tempted to extend the present notice to a

greater length than we are in the habit of allotting to a single work.

The two peculiarities, as we have already mentioned, which most provoked WORDSWORTH's hostile critics were an occasional homeliness of style and subject. That he sometimes sins in this way, we do not mean to deny, but to call it a characteristic of his works is absurd. As regards style, no English poet, scarcely excepting MILTON, is more ornate and elevated than WORDSWORTH when the occasion requires it. Is there homeliness in the subject of *Laodamia*, or the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*? Nay, the homeliness of the themes which he sometimes adopts, is one of his chief merits when considered from a certain point of view. Hear him on this subject writing to CHARLES JAMES FOX, in 1801, with the second volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*:

In the two poems, "The Brothers" and "Michael," I have attempted to draw a picture of the domestic affections, as I know they exist among a class of men who are now almost confined to the north of England. They are small independent proprietors of land, here called statesmen, men of respectable education, who daily labour on their own little properties. The domestic affections will always be strong amongst men who live in a country not crowded with population, if these men are placed above poverty. But if they are proprietors of small estates which have descended to them from their ancestors, the power which these affections will acquire amongst such men is inconceivable by those who have only had an opportunity of observing hired labourers, farmers, and the manufacturing poor. Their little tract of land serves as a kind of permanent rallying point for their domestic feelings, as a tablet upon which they are written, which makes them objects of memory in a thousand instances, when they would otherwise be forgotten. It is a fountain fitted to the nature of social man, from which supplies of affection, as pure as his heart was intended for, are daily drawn. This class of men is rapidly disappearing. You, Sir, have a consciousness, upon which every good man will congratulate you, that the whole of your public conduct has in one way or other been directed to the preservation of this class of men, and those who hold similar situations. You have felt that the most sacred of all property is the property of the poor. The two poems which I have mentioned were written to show that men who do not wear fine clothes can feel deeply. The poems are faithful copies from nature; and I hope, whatever effect they may have upon you, you will at least be able to perceive that at they may excite profitable sympathies in many kind and good hearts, and may in some small degree enlarge our feelings of reverence for our species, and our knowledge of human nature, by showing that our best qualities are possessed by men whom we are too apt to consider, not with reference to the points in which they resemble us, but to those in which they manifestly differ from us.

Is there not something in such a motive to give a dignity to the two homely pastorals which is wanting in a cartload of *Glaucous* and *Manfreds*?

From the expressions of praise bestowed upon Mr. Fox, in the letter from which the foregoing is an extract, it would seem that, even at the beginning of the nineteenth century, WORDSWORTH's opinions were what is generally called "liberal." Although he never slackened in his regard for the worth displayed in the humbler ranks of life, or in his zeal for all that could advance their welfare, it is easy to see in the course of WORDSWORTH's correspondence an approximation to Toryism which shows itself unmistakably in his opposition to Catholic emancipation and the Reform Bill. But WORDSWORTH's political feeling was never keen, much less rancorous, and he looked at the political arena with the calm glance of a distant and neutral observer. It is thus he writes in June, 1805:

I write to you from the moss-hut at the top of my orchard, the sun just sinking behind the hills in front of the entrance, and his light falling upon the green moss of the side opposite me. A linnet is singing in the tree above, and the children of some of our neighbours, who have been to-day little John's visitors, are playing below equally noisy and happy. The green fields in the level area of the vale, and part of the lake, lie before me in quietness. I have just been reading two newspapers, full of factions brawls about Lord Melville and his delinquencies, ravage of the French in

the West Indies, victories of the English in the East, fleets of ours roaming the sea in search of enemies whom they cannot find, &c., &c., and I have asked myself more than once, lately, if my affections can be in the right place, caring, as I do, so little about what the world seems to care so much for. All this seems to me "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

With such views, it might well be expected that WORDSWORTH would be indifferent to the censure of the world. The following, from a letter to a friend who had been fighting battles for his poetry in society, seems to us full of wisdom and unaffected elevation:

It is impossible that any expectations can be lower than mine concerning the immediate effect of my little work upon what is called the public. I do not here take into consideration the envy and malevolence, and all the bad passions which always stand in the way of a work of any merit from a living poet; but merely think of the pure, absolute, honest ignorance in which all worldlings, of every rank and situation, must be enveloped with respect to the thoughts, feelings, and images on which the life of my poems depend. The things which I have taken, whether from within or without, what have they to do with routs, dinners, morning calls, hung from door to door, from street to street, on foot or in carriage, with Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox, Mr. Pall or Sir Francis Burdett, the Westminster election or the borough of Honiton? In a word—for I cannot stop to make my way through the hurry of images that present themselves to me—what have they to do with endless talking about things nobody cares anything for, except as far as their own vanity is concerned, and with persons they care nothing for but as their vanity or selfishness is concerned? What have they to do (to say all at once) with a life without love? In such a life there can be no thought; for we have no thought (save thoughts of pain) but as far as we have love and admiration.

He continues, and the passage we are about to quote finely shows the sacred feeling with which he regarded his art.

It is an awful truth, that there neither is nor can be any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves, people of consideration in society. This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God.

But we must pass to less grave and more personal matters. WORDSWORTH was not one who talked much about himself, and his moods and dispositions, but as there is one little passage of this kind, which bears moreover on the choice of a hero for *The Excursion*, it may be worth the quoting.

My lamented friend Southey (for this is written a month after his decease) used to say that had he been a Papist, the course of life which, in all probability, would have been his, the one for which he was most fitted, and most to his mind, was that of a Benedictine monk, in a convent furnished, as many once were, and some still are, with an inexhaustible library. Books, as appears from many passages in his writings, and was evident to those who had opportunities of observing his daily life, were, in fact, his passion, and wandering, I can with truth affirm, was mine; but this propensity in me was happily counteracted by inability, from want of fortune to fulfil my wishes.

But had I been born in a class which would have deprived me of what is called a liberal education, it is not unlikely that, being strong in body, I should have taken to a way of life such as that in which my "Wanderer" passed the greater part of his days. At all events, I am here called upon freely to acknowledge that the character I have represented in his person is chiefly an idea of what I fancied in my own character might have become in his circumstances.

That WORDSWORTH thought little of the writings of his contemporaries is well-known. Probably, COLERIDGE was the only one of them for whom he entertained a deep admiration. The "new school" he abhorred: there is no doubt that the blank in the following passage should be filled up with the name of CARLYLE.

Do you know Miss Peabody, of Boston? She has just sent me, with the highest eulogy, certain essays of Mr. Emerson. Our ——— and he appears to be what the French called *esprits forts*, though the French idols showed their spirit after a somewhat different fashion.

Our two present *Philosophes*, who have taken a language which they suppose to be English for their vehicle, are, verily, *par nobile fratrum*, and it is a pity that the weakness of our age has not left them exclusively to this appropriate reward—mutual admiration. Where is the thing which now passes for philosophy at Boston to stop.

This is from a private letter, but the following severe remarks on GOETHE are from two separate reports of private conversations with WORDSWORTH.

August 26, 1841.

Wordsworth made some striking remarks on Goethe in a walk on the terrace yesterday. He thinks that the German poet is greatly overrated, both in this country and his own. He said, "he does not seem to me to be a great poet in either of the classes of poets. At the head of the first class I would place Homer and Shakspeare, whose universal minds are able to reach every variety of thought and feeling, without bringing their own individuality before the reader. They infuse, they breathe, life into every object they approach, but you never find *themselves*. At the head of the second class, those whom you can trace individually in all they write, I would place Spenser and Milton. In all that Spenser writes you can trace the gentle affectionate spirit of the man; in all that Milton writes you find the exalted sustained being that he was. Now in what Goethe writes, who aims to be of the first class—the universal—you find the man himself, the artificial man where he should not be found; so that I consider him a very artificial writer, aiming to be universal, and yet constantly exposing his individuality, which his character was not of a kind to dignify. He had not sufficiently clear moral perceptions to make him anything but an artificial writer.

And, again:

I have tried to read Goethe. I never could succeed. Mr. ——— refers me to his "Iphigenia," but I there recognise none of the health and vigour which the heroes and heroines of antiquity possess in the writings of Homer. The lines of Lucretius describing the immolation of Iphigenia are worth the whole of Goethe's long poem. Again, there is a profligacy, an inhuman sensuality, in his works, which is utterly revolting. I am not intimately acquainted with them generally; but I take up my ground on the first canto [book?] of Wilhelm Meister, and, as the Attorney-General of human nature, I there indict him for wantonly outraging the sympathies of humanity. Theologians tell us of the degraded nature of man; and they tell us what is true. Yet man is essentially a moral agent, and there is that immortal and unextinguishable yearning for something pure and spiritual which will plead against these poetical sensualists as long as man remains what he is.

We close with a few sentences from a conversation on scripture characters.

Oh! what a character Paul's is! How well we know him! How human, yet how noble! How little outward sufferings moved him. It is not in speaking of these that he calls himself wretched; it is when he speaks of the inward conflict. Paul and David may be called the two Shaksperian characters in the Bible; both types, as it were, of human nature in its strength and its weakness. Moses is grand, but then it is chiefly from position—from the office he had entrusted to him. We do not know Moses as a man—as a brother man.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

An Excursion to California. By WILLIAM KELLY, J.P. In 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

Journals of a Landscape Painter in Albania. By EDWARD LEAR. London: Bentley.

WE are compelled to group together two works belonging to this department of the Journal, which, were we to treat separately, would fill an undue space, and thrust out other works having better claims to attention. And, indeed, it so happens that, for our knowledge of these publications, we are indebted to the hurried loan of a circulating library, so that we are enabled to offer only a short account of their subjects and styles.

Mr. KELLY is an Irishman, who left New York at the beginning of 1849, to seek his fortune in California. He took the overland route, in company with a large party of adventurers, of whom he was appointed the chief.

The journey across the desert and over the Rocky Mountain occupied just 102 days—the

distance being upwards of 2,000 miles, and the difficulties and dangers far from trifling. The caravan, for such it might be termed, broke up when they approached Sacramento, and each betook himself to his own destination, or wheresoever hope, inclination, or advice directed. Mr. KELLY remained there for several months, inspecting the diggings, and occasionally wielding the pickaxe himself, and visiting all the most famous and infamous spots in the country. He has presented a pleasant narrative of his adventures and experiences, which will be instructive to some, and amusing to all. He is a keen observer, perhaps somewhat too much given to fault-finding, and with a narrow-mindedness that prevents his seeing both sides of a question, and fairly comparing men and things. Hence much prejudice, which shows itself in exaggerations of blame and praise, and detracts immensely from the confidence which otherwise the reader would be inclined to place in his keen perceptions and vigorous descriptions, some of which we take as specimens.

Here is one of his adventures:

THE BEAR HUNT.

But stopping in a gully to look for water, I found a little pool, evidently scratched out by a bear, as there were footprints and claw-marks about it, and I was aware instinct prompts that brute where water is nearest the surface, when he scratches until he comes to it. This was one of very large size, the foot-mark behind the toes being full nine inches; and although I had my misgivings about the prudence of a *tete-a-tete* with a great grizzly bear, still the "better part of valour" was overcome, as it often is, by the anticipated honour and glory of a single combat, and conquest of such a ferocious beast. I was well armed, too, with my favourite rifle, a Colt's revolver, that never disappointed me, and a nondescript weapon, a sort of cross betwixt a claymore and a bowie-knife; so, after capping afresh, hanging the bridle on the horn of the saddle, and staking my mule, I following the trail up a gully, and, much sooner than I expected, came within view and good shooting distance of bruin, who was seated erect, with his side towards me, in front of a manzanita bush, making a repast on his favourite berry.

The sharp click of the cock causing him to turn quickly round, left little time for deliberation; so, taking a ready good aim at the region of the heart, I let drive, the ball (as I subsequently found) glancing along the ribs, entering the armpit, and shattering smartly some of the shoulder bones. I exulted as I saw him stagger and come to his side; the next glance, however, revealed him, to my dismay, on all fours, in direct pursuit, but going lame; so I bolted for the mule, sadly incumbered with a huge pair of Mexican spurs, the nervous noise of the crushing brush close in my rear convincing me he was fast gaining on me; I therefore dropped my rifle, putting on fresh steam, and reaching the rope, pulled up the picket-pin, and springing into the saddle with merely a hold of the lariat, plunged the spurs into the mule, which, much to my affright, produced a kick and a retrograde movement; but in the exertion, having got a glimpse of my pursuer, uttering a snort of terror, he went off at a pace I did not think him capable of, soon widening the distance betwixt us and the bear; but having no means of guiding his motions, he brought me violently in contact with the arm of a tree, which unhorsed and stunned me exceedingly. Scrambling to my feet as well as I could, I saw my relentless enemy close at hand, leaving me the only alternative of ascending a tree; but in my hurried and nervous efforts, I had scarcely my feet above his reach, when he was right under, evidently enfeebled by the loss of blood, as the exertion made it well out copiously. After a moment's pause, and a fierce glare upwards from his bloodshot eyes, he clasped the trunk; but I saw his endeavours to climb were crippled by the wounded shoulder. However, by the aid of his jaws, he just succeeded in reaching the first branch with his sound arm, and was working convulsively to bring up the body, when, with a well-directed blow from my cutlass, I completely severed the tendons of the foot, and he instantly fell, with a dreadful souse and horrid growl, the blood spurting up as if impelled from a jet; he rose again somewhat tardily, and limping round the tree with upturned eyes, kept tearing off the bark with his tusks. However, watching my opportunity, and leaning downwards, I sent a ball from my revolver with such good effect immediately behind the head, that he dropped; and my nerves being now rather more composed, I leisurely distributed the remaining five balls in the most vulnerable parts of his carcase.

By this time I saw the muscular system totally relaxed, so I descended with confidence, and found him

quite dead, and myself not a little enervated with the excitement and the effects of my wound, which bled profusely from the temple; so much so, that I thought an artery was ruptured. I bound my head as well as I could, loaded my revolver anew, and returned for my rifle; but as evening was approaching, and my mule gone, I had little time to survey the dimensions of my fallen foe, and no means of packing much of his flesh. I therefore hastily hacked off a few steaks from his thigh, and hewing off one of his hind feet as a sure trophy of victory, I set out towards the trading-post, which I reached about midnight, my friend and my truant mule being there before me, but no horses.

I exhibited the foot of my fallen foe in great triumph, and described the conflict with due emphasis and effect to the company, who arose to listen; after which I made a transfer of the flesh to the traders, on condition that there was not to be any charge for the hotel or the use of the mule. There was an old experienced French trapper of the party, who, judging from the size of the foot, set down the weight of the bear at 1,500 lbs., which, he said, they frequently overran, he himself, as well as Colonel Fremont's exploring party, having killed several that came to 2,000 lbs. He advised me, should I again be pursued by a bear, and have no other means of escape, to ascend a small-girthed tree, which they cannot get up, for not having any central joint in the fore-legs, they cannot climb any with a branchless stem that does not fully fill their embrace; and in the event of not being able to accomplish the ascent before my pursuer overtook me, to place my back against it, when, if it and I did not constitute a bulk capable of filling his hug, I might have time to rip out his entrails before he could kill me, being in a most favourable posture for the operation. They do not generally use their mouth in the destruction of their victims, but, hugging them closely, lift one of their hind-feet, which are armed with tremendous claws, and tear out the bowels. The Frenchman's advice reads rationally enough, and is a feasible theory on the art of evading unbearable compression; but, unfortunately, in the haunts of that animal those slim juvenile saplings are rarely met with, and a person closely confronted with such a grizzly *vis-à-vis*, is not exactly in a tone of nerve for surgical operations.

Terrible were their sufferings in

CROSSING THE DESERT.

The direct flames of the solar fire seemed absolutely to curl around us, creating a wavy visible sort of atmosphere, as if we were moving through transparent smoke; and this at length produced a state of insensibility in some and madness in others; four of the men coming up to me and demanding water in a most peremptory tone, as if I had a supply, and denied them access to it. About twelve o'clock we halted, to administer the gruel to the animals, but there were only seven men out of the entire able to lend a hand. Some were howling for water, and some threw themselves in a fainting state under the shade of the waggons. I never felt myself so nearly overcome; and only for a great effort I made, feeling that, as the conductor of the company, it was incumbent on me to set a good example, I should have also sunk in the struggle. As soon as the poor brutes in harness heard the gurgling of the water from the kegs, they brayed, as I thought, in a piteous tone, saying, "Oh! let us have some;" while the others pressed around, being with difficulty restrained from trampling on us while we were draining it off; and it was a matter of no small trouble to give each his basin, from the manner in which the other would poke into it.

This done, the word "Move" was passed; but I found one of the teamsters altogether incapable of driving, and, sore against my grain, had to place him and the two insane men in the waggons, the latter having become so restless and outrageous that I was reluctantly constrained to resort to the disagreeable alternative of tying them down. Those that were under the waggons did not appear to hear the order, nor could they be got to heed its iteration until the waggons were moved on, and they were left exposed to the sun; when they arose, but in a dreadfully enervated state. I implored, I exhorted them to struggle on for two hours more, when we would reach relief; but they were deaf and insensible, and had to be lifted into their saddles. At length we all got in motion, and three of the least exhausted men rode ahead on our best horses, with directions to return and meet us as soon as possible with water, which I knew, from the time of travel, could not be more than ten or twelve miles off, unless we missed our way; an idea I would not listen to, for involved our entire destruction.

Very amusing is this sketch of

A LAW COURT IN CALIFORNIA.

Judges there sit on the bench, attired like other men, and taking a leaf out of Chief Baron Nicholson's book,

puff their cigars while laying down the law on the enlightened principle of "ex fumo, dare lucem;" nor do they haughtily hesitate to accommodate with the glowing butt any of the learned counsel or audience who may require a light; in fact, there is a degree of charming republican familiarity existing betwixt the bench, the bar, and the public, which makes a man feel as much at ease in a court as in a tavern, and must be seen to be properly appreciated. Law arguments under such a system are no longer dry and uninteresting, but flow smoothly along, liberally lubricated with tobacco saliva, and garnished with colloquial episodes that come with a delicious freshness upon the ear of a person before only accustomed to the oppressive profundity of Westminster practice. I was being thus edified, sitting in the jury-box (no jury being empanelled at the time), when I observed a row of new pine sticks, about the dimensions of a shillelah, standing in exact order in front of the seats; and finding their number amounting precisely to twelve, it struck me they were part of the legal machinery of the place; nor was I astray, for a sort of factotum—crier, usher, tip-staff, &c.,—who wore his hat *ex officio*, commiseratingly informed me that they were "desk protectors," which it was part of his duty as court-keeper to provide as "whittling stuff for the gents," who would otherwise cut all sorts of hieroglyphics and incongruous devices upon the desks; an operation I afterwards saw gone through by a witness under the ordeal of a sharp cross-examination, who cut with an increasing keenness into the rail as the counsel cut into his credibility.

The scenes of human depravity are far more awful. Let us take a peep at

A YANKEE DRINKING MATCH.

I was induced, by an indescribable feeling of attraction, as if to fill up the measure of my loathing at their day's conduct, to look on at a Yankee drinking-match, perfectly in character and keeping with the tenor of their other goings-on. It took place at one of the open booths on the course, attracting a great crowd, and giving rise to fresh bettings. The man who won the toss for choice of fluids selected port wine, each tumbler having a raw egg broken into it—a potion that appeared to take his opponent by surprise; however, they went to work, and with the short necessary pauses, got up as high as the ninth glass each, when one betrayed symptoms of distress, and, to make use of Lord Norbury's pun, could not "be egged on" any further; for, in attempting to raise the tenth to his mouth, the stomach rebelled, after a fashion that communicated a spasm of nausea to me, which it required all the muscular power in my throat to subdue. I afterwards heard the victor vauntingly proceeded to the baker's dozen, and wound up by drinking the spectators' health in a bumper of brandy-and-water.

A very appropriate name has been given to the gambling houses with which California abounds:

THE PANDEMONIUMS.

But the establishments that commanded the largest and steadiest trade, and where the circulating medium beat with the strongest pulsation, were the pandemoniums, which were crowded morning, noon, and night, and certainly with the most mixed and motley congregations I ever before witnessed—whites, half-castes, copper, mahogany, and blacks—delegates from every nation that takes any part or interest in the commerce or intercourse of the world, their features more varied than their colours, and their costumes representing the fashions of their several countries. The jargon of voices, mutters, and exclamations of those votaries of fortune, made a most strange medley of sounds, and you could pretty well discover the various national characteristics of the players in the progress of the game; the cool indifference of the Russian or the Turk, the latter placidly stroking his beard under the frowns of the fickle goddess; while the Frenchman at his elbow was sibilating his sacres, and the Yankee opposite cursing and thumping the table with boisterous vehemence; Paddy down at the end, consoling himself with the philosophic reflection, "that the worse luck now the better again"—"Come, my hearties, send round the ball—a faint heart never won a fair lady—hurroo!" the cloaked Spaniard and the phlegmatic German laying down their stakes mechanically from the outside; the Scotch chief poking in his head from the same region, just to see how the chances ran "afore he risked his siller;" while Italians smoked and hummed, and Chinese looked as innocent as if tricks were no part of their training. All the new comers staked coin, the miners dust, some of them putting down large purses at a single venture, exclaiming, "Now for it—home or the diggings?" "The diggings, by Heaven!" as the president raked the bag into the infernal coffers; and up got the miner to go dig another fortune, and again to have it charmed from his grasp.

We turn now to Mr. LEAR's modest little volume. He visited Constantinople in 1848, and, having been attacked with a severe and dangerous illness there, he resolved to seek renewed health, and employ his pencil, among the hills of Albania. His tour was successful in both its objects. He brought home his sketch-book full of reminiscences of new and picturesque scenery, and his memory stored with pleasant remembrances of the people among whom he wandered, and whom he found to possess all the virtues and all the vices of an uncivilized community. We take a peep or two. The following is a scene in

THE ACROCERAUNIAN MOUNTAINS.

About nine we left Draghiadhes, and began to ascend towards the hill of Dukadhes, first through a track of low wood, and then by an uninteresting gorge, down which the wind came with frightful force, making it very difficult to keep a footing on the loose stones of the watercourse, which was our road. Higher up in the pass the violence of this sudden and furious mountain storm was such that both Anastasio and myself were knocked down more than once, and towards the summit we could only advance by clinging from rock to rock.

At the highest part of the pass a most singular scene opens. The spectator seems on the edge of a high wall, from the brink of which giddy elevation he looks down into a fearfully profound basin, at the roots of the mountain. Above its Eastern and Southern enclosures rises the giant snow-clad Tetika in all its immensity, while at his very feet, in a deep dark green pit of wood and garden, lies the town or village of Dukadhes, its houses scattered like milk-white dice along the banks of a wide torrent, which finds its way to the gulf between the hill he stands on and the high western ridge dividing the valley from the sea.

To this strange place, perhaps one of the most secluded in Europe, I began to descend, and as we slowly proceeded, halted more than once to sketch and contemplate. Shut out as it stood by iron walls of mountain, surrounded by sternest features of savage scenery, rock and chasm, precipice and torrent, a more fearful prospect, and more chilling to the very blood, I never beheld, so gloomy and severe, so unredeemed by any beauty or cheerfulness. After a weary ride over rugged places in the bottom of this hollow land of gloom, we stopped at length at one of the houses of the village.

Here is an account of a mountaineer race:

THE KHMARIOTS.

Throughout the whole of the day's journey I have seen numbers of women carrying burdens of incredible size and weight: from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty pounds, I am assured, is no unusual loading. These poor creatures are indeed little like women in appearance, for their faces are worn into lines and furrows of masculine hardness by excessive and early toil; and as they labour pitifully up the rocky paths, steadying their steps with a staff, or cross the stony torrent beds, bent nearly double beneath their loads, they seem less like human beings than quadrupeds. A man's blood boils to see them accompanied by a beast of a husband or brother, generally on horseback, carrying—what?—nothing but a pipe! and when he is tired of smoking, or finds himself over-clad, he gives the woman his pipe to hold, or throws his capote over her load. The ponderous packages of wool, grain, sticks, &c., borne by these hard-worked creatures, are hung to their neck by two strong straps; their dress is dark blue, with a blue handkerchief on the head, dark full trousers, no petticoat or apron, and red worked woollen gaiters. They are short and strongly made in person, with very light hair: their eyes are almost universally soft grey, and very pretty; but the rest of the face, apart from the worn and ground-down expression, is too broad and square a form to be prepossessing.

Even the Painter's Art is not protected against the fears of superstition, as Mr. LEAR experienced on several occasions, of which this is one:

No sooner had I settled to draw—forgetful of Bekir the guard—than forth came the populace of Elbassan, one by one, and two by two, to a mighty host they grew, and there were soon from eighty to a hundred spectators collected, with earnest curiosity in every look; and when I had sketched some of the principal buildings as they could recognise, a universal shout of "Shaitan!" burst from the crowd; and, strange to relate, the greater part of the mob put their fingers into their mouths and whistled furiously, after the manner of butcher-boys in England. Whether this was a sort of spell against my magic I do not know; but the absurdity of sitting still on a rampart to make a drawing,

while a great crowd of people whistled at me with all their might, struck me so forcibly, that come what might of it, I could not resist going off into convulsions of laughter; an impulse the Ghegbes seemed to sympathize with, as one and all shrieked with delight, and the ramparts resounded with hilarious merriment. Alas, this was of no long duration, for one of those tiresome Dervishes (in whom, with their green turbans, Elbassan is rich) soon came up and yelled, "Shaitan scroo! Shaitan!" ["The Devil draws! the devil!"] in my ears with all his force; seizing my book also, with an awful frown, shutting it, and pointing to the sky as intimating that Heaven would not allow such impiety. It was in vain after this to attempt more; the "Shaitan" cry was raised in one wild chorus; and I took the consequences of having laid by my fez for comfort's sake, in the shape of a horrible shower of stones, which pursued me to the covered streets, where, finding Bekir with his whip, I went to work again more successfully about the walls of the old city.

Before we part from Mr. LEAR, let us take a peep at

AN ALBANIAN DINNER TABLE.

It was dark when we returned to the upper part of the town [Draghiadhes], and I was ushered into my host's house for the night—a large room on the ground floor—all rafters above and planks below, with a fire-place and fire in the middle of one end, and with carpets and cushions (of no very inviting appearance) on either side of the hearth. On to one of these I threw myself, and waited patiently for all further occurrences. Presently our host (whose name is Achmet Zinani, and who is a tall, thin, ancient Mohammedan, clad all in red, save a white kilt) having made me a speech profuse of compliments through Anastasio, brings two cups of coffee, and supper is supposed to be about to follow. Dirty, and queer, and wild as this place is, it is far better than those Gheghe-holes, Tyrana and Elbassan—at least the novelty and fine subjects for painting all about one, and the friendly relation in which the stranger stands with regard to the natives, makes him prefer Khimara, even at the outset. Previously to supper Achmet Zinani prayed abundantly, going through the numerous genuflections and prostrations of Moham-medan devotion, in the centre of the room. After this the meal commenced. The plan of Khimariot's hospitality is this: the guest buys a fowl or two, and his hosts cook it and help him to eat it. We all sat round the dish, and I, propping myself sideways on cushions, made shift to partake of it as well as I could; but a small candle being the only light allotted to the operation, I was not so adroit as my co-partners, who fished out the most interesting parts of the excellent fowl ragout with astonishing dexterity and success. The low round plate of tin was a perpetual shelter for eight or nine little cats, whom we pulled out from beneath by their tails at momentary intervals, when they wailed aloud and rushed back again, pleased even by feeling the hot fowl through the table, as they could not otherwise enjoy it. After the ragout had nearly all been devoured, and its remains consigned to the afflicted cats, there came on a fearful species of cheese soup, with butter, perfectly fabulous as to filthiness; and after this there was the usual washing of hands, "à la turque," and the evening meal was done. Supper over, we all sat in a semicircle about the fire. Some six or eight of the townsmen came in—a sort of soirée—and drinking cups of coffee was the occupation for some hours. Albanian only is spoken, and very little Greek understood here. About ten or eleven all but the family gradually withdrew; and the old gentleman, Achmet, and the rest of the Albanians rolled themselves up in capotes and slept. Anastasio placed himself across my feet, with his pistols by his side; and as for me, with my head on my knapsack, I managed to get an hour or two of early sleep, though the army of fleas which assailed me as a new comer, not to speak of the excursion cats, who played at bo-peep behind my head, made the rest of the night a time of real suffering, the more so as the great wood fire nearly roasted me, and was odious to the eyes, as a wood fire must needs be.

Autumnal Rambles among the Scottish Mountains. By the Rev. THOMAS GRIERSON, A.M., Member of Kirk-bean. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Hogg.

A HANDBOOK to the Scenery of the Highlands by one who knows them well and has explained them often. Pedestrian tourists who contemplate a visit during the coming summer should not fail to place this volume in their knapsacks. It will assist them in many a perplexity, and prevent their passing unseen many a spot of sublimity or beauty that lies out of the highways of travel. It is illustrated with engravings.

FICTION.

Stuart of Dunleath, a Story of Modern Times. By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. In 3 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

WE cannot quite share the enthusiasm of some of our contemporaries, so as to term this novel "pre-eminent and peerless." It is a very clever novel, but it is not what *The Examiner* calls it. Mrs. NORTON possesses a great deal of descriptive power and much pathos; her writings are always pleasant to read; she appeals strongly to our sympathies, and her composition is remarkable for a certain glow of eloquence, felt, though it cannot be described: but she is not "peerless;" on the contrary, she has many superiors: she is defective in the two most important features of the great novelist—she cannot create characters, nor can she construct an ingenious plot.

Unlike most writers of fiction, Mrs. NORTON has given us, in *Stuart of Dunleath*, a very uninteresting hero, and in ELEANOR a very interesting heroine. The former is intended to portray a mind "infirm of purpose," but instead of that we have an inconsistent personage. The distinction will be obvious to the reader. No person could well be so unlike himself as DAVID STUART is represented to be at different periods of his history. ELEANOR, on the contrary, is sustained with admirable skill—the same being from the beginning to the end, and perfectly in keeping always with her original type: we pursue her through all her varied fortunes, her first affections, their blight, her subsequent marriage and misery, her maternal joys and sorrows, so intense and fatal, with a sympathy that never for a moment fails, and which sustains the attention breathlessly through the work, until it is concluded, and we lay it down with more inclination to weep for the early dead than to rejoice in the happiness of the living.

We will not give an inkling of the story of this novel, for we remember how often our own pleasure in the perusal has been marred by the imperfect revelations of a review, presenting just enough to destroy surprise and curiosity—important ingredients in the pleasure of novel reading, without those details which serve to make the story amusing. Nor is there any greater injustice to the author than such a manner of noticing a novel; for it is impossible not to deform the plot by such a condensation of it, presenting it to the reader in a shape calculated to lower his estimate of the author's capabilities and make him deem meanly of a book whose worth may consist, after all, as does this one, not so much in the story itself, as in the manner of telling it. Mrs. NORTON has told hers beautifully, and for that it will be read with pleasure, and reluctantly laid down. As one specimen of her power of description, we give the thrilling narrative of

THE DROWNING OF ELEANOR'S CHILDREN.

Sir Stephen put his hand under a rotten board in the flooring, and tore up the planks under his feet.

"Bale it out—bale out the water," shouted he.

Alas! the water was rushing in at more than one crevice. The light wind played mockingly round them; the sunset lay rosy and still on land and water; the long sweet wooded shore stretched far away, edged with a golden gleam and a fringe of shadows.

Oh! God were they to die so?

The old boatman's teeth chattered with fear. Sir Stephen hastily undressed; he measured the bright sheet of water with his eye. It was not impossible to swim to land; it could not be more than a mile and a half: he had swum more than that distance for a bet, and he was to swim now for his life. His life! ay, and his children's lives: No, not his children—a child: he felt it could be but one—it was a chance even with that one. The clinging weight of a child of six years old, to a man swimming is heavy odds.

Oh! terrible moment—oh, hour of strange and insupportable horror! And the water sucking the boat down, and no time to deliberate—no time for anything but quick instinct. It all passed through his mind in less time than it takes to read; as he tore off his clothes, and the heavy boat, water-logged, rocked upon him. His eyes looked wildly on Clephane; with pity,

with horror; his pale little face was marble white; a soft strange appealing smile came over it.

"Never mind me, papa; save Freddy; the boatman will take me."

"Oh Clephane!—oh, my boy!—oh, God! your mother."

But a wild scream from Frederic, caused the father to turn. His lovely favourite had just comprehended, in the gush of water that filled the boat, the full extent of his danger. He sprang towards his father! There was no time to undo the fastenings of his dress: his head was bare. Sir Stephen pulled off his shoes, and swung him on his naked back.

"Put your arms round my neck, Fred., don't be frightened—don't let go."

They were in the water.

As the boat sank, Sir Stephen heard the voice of Clephane. He had even then a consciousness of dreading to hear another bitter scream, such as Frederic had given a minute before. He heard no scream, but he heard the voice of the child in a loud, plaintive tone; it said

"Our Father, which art in Heaven!"

He saw its face for a moment; not looking for help—looking upwards; he saw its hand, trying to grasp something, some rope or portion of the sail, something attached to the boat. He saw the old boatman, as in a dream, take the boy in his arms; he saw nothing more—he was striking out for his life, and Frederic's life.

Give him strength—oh, God! He so strong, he so proud of his strength! Will it ever enable him to reach the shore?

Loosen your clutch, dear frightened childish arms, closed so tight round your father's throat, while he pants for breath! Do not be terrified; do not shriek in his ear, as he breasts the water with an effort; getting wearied; do not wail out the words "Clephane—my darling Clephane," like a sound of doom over the lake! "Be quiet," dear boy; that's right; don't fear; hold firm—we shall do it yet.

The shore!—the dim shore—the dim, distant shore; it is nearer—he can distinguish cottages, though they gleam but white specks. Oh, help! oh, help! he faints! No—he rests on the water. Is he to live? is he to die? What a weight, this child—this poor bewildered child! Do not kiss your father's neck with chill wet lips, poor little one! It torments, it unman, even him! Be quiet, do not fear: hold firm.

Swim on—strike out! He can see the windows of the cottages, sparkling like jewels in the sunset light. The shore is nearing fast. It is certainly nearing! But Sir Stephen is getting very faint. That magnificent athletic form strains every muscle for life, for dear life! Will he or Death win the race?

Swim on—strike out—rest a little. His eyes are getting dim: the rolling as of distant thunder is in his ears; his head and shoulders sink too low, and his child is choking with the water; its wet dress flaps on its face; the father is getting feeble, very feeble. He does not see the shore; he sees nothing real; he sees his home, as in a vision, and Eleanor getting the news. Is he drowning?

Miriam Sedley; or, the Tares and the Wheat.
A Tale of Real Life. By Lady BULWER
LYTTON. In 3 vols. London: Shoberl.

It is impossible to deny to Lady LYTTON the merit of *power*, both of conception and of expression. In despite of her many and equally undeniable faults, her ill-governed temper, her unfeminine tastes and language, the general coarseness of her ideas and language, her novels, once begun, cannot be thrown aside unread: they tempt us onward by the substantial truth which is thus unpleasantly portrayed, and by the cleverness of the satire which our feelings cannot but condemn. Everything here is *broad*. The characters approach almost to caricature; the humour, of which there is a great deal, is very broad. In descriptions of all kinds, we are struck by the breadth both of the lights and shadows. Hence the effectiveness of the whole work. Thus, Colonel CLAVEBING is not the Scotch gentleman of our own time, but the conventional Scotchman of the stage. There is excellent satire in the portraiture of Lady LAURA, with her passion for tapestry of her own working, a palpable hit at the manias for *lady's work* which periodically infect the female portion of the community; but there is never one of them so mad upon the subject as Lady LAURA. There is almost the wit of *Punch* in the enumerations, at page 73 of the third volume, of the inelegancies of diction conveyed

to their pupils by certain governesses. "Ride for drive; I'm not going to; such like; just like I did; come and help me put by the books; scent, that most vulgar of all vulgarisms, for perfume; or else the latter pronounced *perfume*, which made my aunts fume, and no wonder. Jersey and St. Jameses might have been forgiven them, as little people could not be expected to know that great people always said *Jarsey* and *St. Jeemeses*; but VILLIERS being an historical name, there really was something almost treasonable, and deserving of thumbscrews or the Tower, in vulgarizing it into *Villyers*." But, when Lady LYTTON sets herself to ridicule such vulgarisms as these, the least to be expected from herself is, that she should write good English, and avoid such slovenly sentences as the following:—"If one could but jump certain epochs in one's life, as one has the option of doing in their narration, what a blessed thing it would be." One does not jump an epoch, but *over* it.

The plot of *Miriam Sedley* is somewhat loosely constructed, as if the authoress had not framed it before she began to write, but had left it to evolve itself and take its own shape as she proceeded. We are, however, bound to say that this has not sensibly affected the interest of the story to the reader, although the writer, who views it artistically, must find fault with the practice. The composition is, as hers always is found to be, singularly lively and spirited. With a rare fearlessness, she gives utterance to whatever thoughts present themselves, without caring either for their character or their costume, and hence the vigour, for which the price paid is coarseness. The sum of our impressions from its perusal is that, as a work of fiction, it has great cleverness, combined with great faults, but that, upon the whole, its merits as a composition outweigh its defects, and that there are few who will not be amused by its perusal, even while they regret that a lady's head has conceived, a lady's heart dictated, and a lady's hand inscribed, the pages over which he sometimes smiles, but as often sighs, to think that so much ability should not have been better trained and guided.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Lays of Palestine. London: Rivington.
1851.

AFTER all the fine discourses which have been written on the Poets, it may be questioned whether the best poetry is anything else than a happy adaptation. Originality, about which critics cant so much, appears to us to be nothing more than the aptest mode of representing ideas by the aid of existent forms. The excellence of a great poet lies in the readiness with which his mind assimilates with the real and beautiful. Whether the object chosen by a poet be domestic, like "The Old Arm Chair" of ELIZA COOK; or wild, as the ocean, the thunder, and the cataract of BYRON, in each case, the adaptation of an object with the mind of the mind of the writer, would fall short of success if it only represented an individual idea. What is called originality is the most perfect utterance of that which is constantly conceived, but not expressed, by the universal mind. It may be possible to puff a poet into a fictitious popularity, but, if he has not been a representative man, his popularity will as utterly fail as if he had never been known beyond a lady's album. A great and enduring poet is, in his isolated self, a reflex of all humanity.

It was said by GOETHE that "a particular case becomes universal and poetic by the very circumstance that it is treated by a poet." The meaning of this is not so plain as it appears to be. GOETHE could not mean that every poem which WORDSWORTH, for example, has written, will become universal; and yet WORDSWORTH is a poet in the highest sense of the word. It can only mean this—that a man is most entitled to the name of poet, when he exhibits the universal mind by a particular

case. This is precisely what we wish to enforce and establish. A critic should look at a poem from every point of view, as a sculptor would examine the human form, but his primary duty is to observe how far a poet has been suggestive and representative. If he has represented little, and suggested less, he may be a versifier, but we would as willingly call a mocking bird a nightingale, as such a man a poet.

The author of the *Lays of Palestine* cannot, in justice, be tested exclusively by the primary rule we have named, because his *Lays* are transcripts, or a metrical rendering of the men whom Mr. GILFILLAN so properly calls "The Bards of the Bible." We have rather to do with the manner than the matter; we have to consider whether the adornment and the music, which are component parts of rhythm, preserve the colour and tone consistent with the grand, yet simple narratives the author has borrowed. In this we think the author of the *Lays of Palestine* has been eminently successful. He has not lessened the force of the original more than was absolutely unavoidable in the construction of verse. He has not committed the flippant folly of BERNET in his *Histoire du Peuple de Dieu*, and bartered the grandeur of the Bible for mere literary fashion. The author of the *Lays of Palestine* is successful from a natural cause—namely, that the religious and the poetical are, with him, synonymous terms. In consequence of this necessary correction, he has reflected the minds of the Hebrew writers, whose power lay in the perfect combination of song as an instinct, and religion as a feeling.

It must not be inferred, from what we have written, that the author had no opportunity to exhibit the resources of his fancy and observation. While it was his duty to preserve the facts of the narrative, he had the privilege of illustration—a legitimate mode by which a poet may augment the beauty of his verse. To show how successfully the author of the *Lays of Palestine* has availed himself of this, we quote from some stanzas entitled

SAMUEL AND SAUL.

They parted; and the monarch fell
Forsaken and alone;
No children in his palace dwell,
A stranger's on his throne.
The form so glorious in its might,
Renowned for grace and strength and height,
Now hangs the heathen's scorn;
And trophies of the bloody field,
Helmet, and sword, and spear, and shield,
And idol fane adorn.

They parted: beneath Ramah's palm
The aged prophet dwelt,
And in his evening's cloudless calm
A holy comfort felt;
And as in southern climes a ray
Succeeding to the fires of day
Gilds the first hours of night,
E'en so a clear though flickering flame,
That from long-kindled altars came,
Made falling nature bright.

The contrast, in its several points, is managed very skilfully. The comparison of the "after glow" in an Egyptian evening, as described by Miss MARTINEAU, with the serene, yet grand old prophet, sinking peacefully into the tomb, is a fine poetic picture.

We present our readers with another extract from

ELI AND SAMUEL.

Art thou young, my brother, now,
Pleasure beaming on thy brow;
Seen the things of earth to thee
Sweet to hear, and fair to see,
Vocal in the whispering glade,
Fitting through the mountain shade,
Fairy form and magic sound
Sparkling all, enchanted ground?

Turn thine eyes with me, and then
Look upon the scene again:
Hollow murmurs fill the glade,
Spectres haunt the mountain shade;
Swift the fairy visions pass,
Lurks a serpent in the grass:
Leprous shapes of loathsome sin
Reign thy paradise within.

I can give thee fairer fruit,
Springing from no cankered root,
Lead thee to a greener dell,
Stop thee by a purer well,
To thy clearer vision show
Angels passing to and fro:
But before thou enterest there
Thou must be a child of prayer.

If this be not poetry, we do not know what poetry is! A writer who can write so well and musically as the author of the above extracts, should be very careful not to commit what is termed the little faults of a poet. Little faults are generally the most conspicuous to little readers. Many, to show their sagacity, will carp at a wrong accent, or an imperfect rhyme, when they are incompetent to grasp a comprehensive idea; and this is sure to damage the reputation of a poet. We notice, in the book before us, a number of defective rhymes, which could have been easily avoided. This objection of ours may be considered trifling, but we do not think so, because, whatever detracts from the harmony of a couplet, impairs the completeness of a poem. We do not wish to blame the author of the *Lays of Palestine* but rather to caution him. He has strong elements of poetry within him, and, therefore, we are the more anxious that they should be developed aright. As a whole, the merits of the *Lays of Palestine* may be briefly stated. We have here a book consistent in tone and manner with the old Hebrew narratives; representative of the duties of Christian social life; and so far suggestive, that, amid the sparkle and the melody of poetry, the reader may find the quietude of comfort, and the accents of warning.

Poems of Early Years, in Nine Chaplets. By A Wrangler of Trin. Col., Camb., M.A. London: Pickering. 1851.

Specimens of Translation and Versification. By JOSEPH HAMBLETON. London: Fox. 1851.

Lays of a Struggling Heart. By J. W. KING. London: Mitchell. 1850.

THE versifying tendencies of the age are so widely diffused, affecting persons of such different habits, talents, and qualifications, that, among a number of volumes coming unheralded, and asking for a verdict simply on their own merits, it has become matter of no small difficulty to assign to each its exact point in the poetical gamut. The range is from the truly inspired to the very contemptible: and it is not often that unqualified sentence can be pronounced for or immediately touching upon either extreme. The choice of masters is so various, the crowd of disciples so rapidly swelling, the scope of subject so universal, the stages of attainment so many and complicated, that a sentence of simple praise or blame can frequently be but half true, and will be contested at least as much as it is acquiesced in. And the chief obstacle is the facility of imitation—the ease with which the appearance of force or originality can be assumed, which is in truth only verbal and of the surface. This it is the critic's province to sound: and, after all the deluge of futilities and mediocrities that clamour round on all hands, and half hinder us from hearing the few severe words spoken to the purpose, it is a consolation to reflect that they will all be buried by the coming of next generation, and will cumber no one any more.

The Cambridge Wrangler's *Poems of Early Years*, for instance, cannot be dismissed at once as either good, bad, or indifferent: they have more sides than one; and all must have been considered before we strike a balance. Genius they do not display: the question is between talent and the feeling for art, or entire adaptation of the means to the end, and knack, or the semblance of such adaptation. But there are signs of the former; and the trace of ambition on the author's part for the future, chastened by a modest estimate of the past, is encouraging. Vigour and copiousness of diction must, in many cases, be acknowledged; and the thoughts are sometimes picturesque. There is a general elevation of tone, also, which, though of the less unconscious and more easily imitable kind, is not merely the current cant of the day. The volume is portioned out in nine so-called "Chaplets," which may be defined as—of Conscience; of Reliance on God; of Self-reliance; of the teachings of

sorrow; of Recompense in Eternity; of Human communion; of the Lessons of travelling; of Trustfulness; and of Love. The design of this arrangement may be applauded, although, doubtless, an afterthought: but the mathematical precision with which it is carried out—nine compositions to each chaplet—must be suspected to have caused the retention of several which would have been sacrificed on more substantial grounds. The same pertinacious love of system appears in the affixing of a motto to every poem, of whatever length—as in one instance, six lines of Calderon, to four of the Cambridge Wrangler. Among the best poems are, "The Temple of Sleep," which contains good word-painting, with some affectations and superfluities; "Pupil and Tutor," "Hamet," very simple in construction, and some of the sonnets. The poem of "Cain," is well imagined,—the idea that the eternal decree allowed the first murderer to reappear as an example and a terror among men, when the world had grown reprobate, appropriate, and, we think, original:—

CAIN.

There stole a secret something hard aside,
An apparition, that all-times would glide
Along with him and with him be and bide.

At morn 'twould slant across him 'neath the sun
Tow'rd misty glooms, where cavern-waters run;
At eve it peer'd athwart the gloaming dun.

It haunted him in terror, undefin'd;
The leaves and dust-wreaths, drifting down the wind,
Reveal'd its stealthy tracking close behind.

'Twould rush upon him, as he ate his food,
That he would turn to brave it where he stood,
And, horror-stricken, howl in wild'ring mood.

'Twas nothing! yet, where'er he looked, the grim
Pale semblance menac'd; and, when day grew dim,
He felt the crafty presence watching him.

He could not hide from it; in ghostly forms
It dogg'd him, 'mid the balmy waft, that swarms
Through stilly noon, and 'mid the pelt of storms.

Before 'twas light, wan dreams made him aware
How nigh it crouch'd; and in the breezy air
He thought 'twas clenching at his ruffled hair,

And fled aghast, until his brain would reel;
But still, though dizzy and worn out, could feel
The wolf-like tramping almost at his heel:

While 'neath the cedars, where he sought a bed,
He knew 'twas lurking in the boughs o'erhead—
The wraith of unimaginable dread.

For he was chang'd. Erst anguish seiz'd his brain,
Remorse and tumult, till, convuls'd with pain,
He dash'd self-loathing o'er the jungly plain;

Not seen of human eye: yet unefac'd
The large deep-dinted footmarks mutely trac'd
His panic agony o'er wild and waste.

But when mankind had multiplied and grown
Giants in evil, and the earth was strown
With wickedness, o'er him the change was thrown.

And lo! 'mid human haunts and homes again
He wander'd; and the sons of men were fain;
To crawl the earth and hide themselves again.

They saw him, and their hearts sank, aw'd and sad;
The first of human birth, the first that had
Wrought human death, the mighty Cain! was mad.

He pass'd before the fowler, and the prey
Escap'd unheeded; where wide harvests lay
The reapers dropp'd their sheaves and slunk away.

They shunn'd the ghastly brow, the torture-sigh
That wreath'd the lip and glazed the haggard eye;
And lion-hunters trembled at his cry.

And when 'twas even, and he made his lair
Beside the palm-tree well, and none might dare
To venture near him to draw water there,

And greybeards whisper'd to the kindred crowd
His fearful story—ev'ry face was bow'd,
And men cower'd low, and women shriek'd aloud.

And thus he liv'd: an awful monument
Of Crime 'neath Retribution writhing! sent
In solemn warning round from tent to tent:

Until at last all loving Heav'n forgave
In mercy, and he died: and in a cave
By forest-glens remote God made his grave.

For its unsophisticated sweetness, though not so complete in working as it might be, we add the verses

AT VENTNOR.

The rose is vanish'd from her cheek;
While sudden pallor, hectic streak,
And clammy dew too plainly speak
A warning, to which words are weak.

O Nature! if my homage e'er
Attain'd thy favour, hear my pray'r,
And breathe from earth and sea and air
Composure to that maiden fair.

Let yonder sun, supremely bright,
Remind her of th' Eternal Light,
Whose love and mercy, like His might
And wisdom, all are infinite.

Let eve's transcendent vault dilate
Her mind to contemplations great;
And thought-sublim'd let her await
In grandeur an immortal's fate;

And, when the dying billow flings
Around its solemn anthemings,
Oh! lend her soul the skylark's wings
To soar tow'rd heaven, while she sings:

Till lastly, on th' appointed day,
When fragrant dews from noontide's ray
Are feeling—then may she, as they,
Exhale, and gently pass away!

There is a kind of *unintentional* air about Mr. HAMBLETON'S "Specimens;" he seems to have written with no particular object, and to have published with just the same. The singular absence of pretension from his title, enlists sympathy; and there is a certain straightforwardness in the book which is not unpleasant. The style is simple, and, in points, a little old-fashioned, as sometimes in choice of subject—partaking now of smartness, now of foolishness. Both are united, to some extent, in the "Fall of Poetry." Others are utterly silly, as "Chacun à son goût." The versification is often halting; and Mr. HAMBLETON has the loosest possible notion of a sonnet. We can imagine him, however, to be a very sensible man; and even that he may write, in the long run, a fair quantity of verses not unfit for preservation. He is, at least, unimpeded by mannerism. The translations from Klopstock may be considered good—creditably free from affectations and pomposities; and, among the originals, the "Hymn for Commencement-Sunday," and "Thoughts on the Human Spirit's Progress," are certainly not altogether bad. But we prefer quoting "The Envoy," which many of our readers, perhaps, will condemn as worthless, but where we feel a quaint freshness that is agreeable:

L'ENVOY.

Not to gay Fashion's men, sportive and vain;
Not to coarse Mammon's men, greedy of gain;
Not to high Honour's men, born to command;
Not to proud Learning's men, solemn and grand,
Do I send you my verses.

The gay would neglect you,
The busy reject you,
The noble suspect you,
The learned correct you,
Unfortunate verses!

Sooner than such a fate
Should upon you await,
For whom I've musing sate
Early as well as late,
I would send you, my verses.

Seek but Her who of love will deem you the sign,
Seek the true Hand that is plighted to mine,
Seek the warm Heart that with constancy glows,
Seek the full Soul that with kindness o'erflows,—
Hopes attend you, my verses!

For she will not pain you,
That hand will retain you,
That heart a bliss gain you,
That soul a thought-deign you,
Most fortunate verses!

Far from all sordid aim,
Making no boastful claim,
Careless to win a name,
Unto no higher fame
I commend you, my verses.

Mr. King's volume, the *Lays of a Struggling Heart*, is "a second and enlarged edition of *The Emigrant, and other Poems*." We are glad that one of the "toiling millions," to whom Mr. King claims to belong, should cherish those feelings and aspirations which prompt to verse as an outlet; and that his efforts should have been so well received as to induce a second edition: and we will not criticise the book, or make a pun on the appearance of an "Innocent," in the list of subscribers.

The Parson's Home: a Poem. By an English Vicar. London: Rivington and Co.

A SWEET picture in pleasing verse of that most estimable and most useful member of the community, the country clergyman, whose mission it is to carry civilization and humanity, as well as religion into remote places, and among people, who, but for him, would be as rude as the soil they cultivate. *The Parson's Home*, although probably suggested by *The Deserted Village*,

is not either an imitation or an expansion of that exquisite delineation. It is, indeed, very superior to most of the volumes of poetry, with which our desk is besieged. A few minor poems are appended, of equal merit, and reminding us of KEBLE's devout strains.

What truth and beauty there is in this

HYMN TO THE CHURCH.

Nursing mother, mother mild,
Smile upon thy wayward child;
Teach him all his faults to see,
Show him thine own purity.

Far from thee his footsteps roam:
Watch, and lead the wand'ring home:
Open wide thy hallow'd gate,
Call him ere it be too late.

When thou bidst the solemn fast,
Show him all his errors past:
Be his watchword, "humbled pride,
Love extended, self-denied."

Self-restraint, no sullen grace,
Cheerful with anointed face:
Love that counts all loss for gain,
So we soothe another's pain.

Point'st thou to some festal day?
Wake we a more cheerful lay:
Early rise, and own the call
To our Christian festival.

Is our Saviour born on earth.
Or with new and wondrous birth
Risen glorious from the tomb,
Lord of earth from earth's dark womb?

Then, responsive to thy word,
Forth we go to meet our Lord,
Clad in all our best array,
Bright our raiment as the day.

To thine altar, lo! we bring
In sacrifice each holy thing;
There for gold and spices place
Every incense-breathing grace.

Mother mild, thy spirit send,
Guide, and comfort, and friend;
Till a cloud of lustrous light

Then, O then, do thou impart
Answering boldness to the heart,
Till each pulse of pure desire
Every festal day beats higher.

The National Shakspeare. Vol. III. Tragedies.
London: C. Knight and Co.

MR. KNIGHT is republishing his accurate, learned, and beautifully illustrated edition of SHAKSPEARE, in a more compact form, in bold and handsome type, and with all the original notes and engravings; and this at so small a price as to compete with the most inferior editions. This third volume contains the commencement of the Tragedies. It will be a noble addition to the library.

RELIGION.

Sixty Lectures on the Psalms. By the Rev. RICHARD BRUDENELL EXTON, Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Clarendon. London: Longman & Co.

FROM the paucity of good sermons, the art of sermon writing is probably more difficult than any who have not tried it might suppose. One reason why sermons so rarely appear to advantage in print is probably that they are composed with a view to being spoken, and the style adapted for oratory is not adapted for reading. We like to listen to an oration; we like to peruse an essay. Reverse the position and a spoken essay falls flat upon the ear, while a printed oration appears exaggerated, hollow, and unsatisfying.

There are upwards of 20,000 Clergymen of the Established Church in England and Wales alone. Few preach less than one sermon a week, many of them three or four. After making ample allowance for repetitions, we are not, perhaps, over-estimating the number of sermons composed by them every week at ten thousand, or, in the course of a year, say in round numbers five hundred thousand! Of these how many would endure to be printed! This, at least, is certain, that some hundreds are given to the press, and that of these but a fraction are found to deserve the honour. But, we repeat, this is not so much the fault of the preachers in the composition of their sermons as the consequence of an error of judgment in supposing that, because they were good in the pulpit they would be good in type. So far, however, is this from being the fact that, for the reason we have stated, that which constitutes an excellence in the one is a disqualification for the other.

A treatise on sermon writing, sensibly composed, would be a very valuable contribution to the Ecclesiastical Library. Had we leisure, there is no subject we should so much like to handle. It offers a wide field

* "But thou, when thou fatest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face."—Matt. vi. 17.
† "A cloud received him out of their sight."—Acts i. 9.
Take the Saviour from our sight.

for curious and useful inquiry. Where so much might be done in the way of improvement, the consideration of the means of doing it would be as beneficial to the mind of the writer as it would in its result be profitable to his readers. We can see in our mind's eye the whole plan of such a work; but time is wanting to its accomplishment, and other occupations forbid the indulgence.

There is a distinction, also, between Sermons and Lectures. The Sermon is properly, an oration, the Lecture professes to be an essay read aloud. Nothing more is expected of a Lecture than appeals to the judgment by sound arguments clothed in popular language. Flights of poetry and the flowers of speech, proper to the former, are out of place in the latter. Hence, Lectures are always much more readable than Sermons that may have sounded vastly better and more effective.

Thus it is with the Sixty Lectures before us. Mr. EXTON has chosen a theme admirably suggestive of subjects,—indeed, its fault being that it is too vast and various, inasmuch as it might as easily have served for six hundred discourses as for sixty. Taking the principal Psalms in succession, he describes the history, so far as it is known, and the general subject or sentiment sought to be embodied in it by the Psalmist, and then makes an application of his language to the occasions and circumstances of our own times. The Lectures are characterised by good taste and sound judgment. Involving no controversial points, they may be read and enjoyed by Christians of all creeds. The cultivation of practical piety, the worship of God and doing good to man, is the pervading purpose. They are plain, unaffected, unadorned essays, which deserved a longer life and a wider audience than they could have obtained within the walls of the Church where they were delivered. They are eminently adapted for family reading, for they can scarcely fail to win the attention of young persons—being thoroughly religious in their tone, without repulsive harshness or ascetism.

History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles. By Dr. AUGUSTUS NEANDER. Translated by J. E. RYLAND. London: Bohn.

THIS volume is a continuation of *Neander's Church History*, or rather an addition to it, and is written in the same truly Catholic spirit, vindicating Christianity as triumphantly against the assaults of Rationalism by meeting argument with argument and fact with fact, conducting controversy with uncommon temper, and neither using reproaches nor indulging in undue exultation in victory. The History of the Christian Church under the Apostles is traced with the same lucidity of argument brought to the examination of the fruits of laborious research which we have already noticed as characterising NEANDER's historico-religious works, and the same methodical manner of treating the subject is also observable here as in most German writers. In his first book he treats of the Christian Church in Palestine, previous to its spread among heathen nations. In the second, of the first spread of Christianity from the Church of Jerusalem to other parts, and especially among heathen nations. In the third, of the founding of the Christian Church among the Gentiles by the Instrumentality of the Apostle Paul. In the fourth he reviews the labours of JAMES and PETER and their results; in the fifth he treats of the Apostle JOHN and his Ministry, as the closing point of the Apostolic Age; and in the sixth and last he reviews "the Apostolic Doctrine." It is not necessary to add anything in the way of criticism upon the work of a writer so distinguished, and whose reputation is European. He has rendered incalculable services by his vindication of Christianity against its most dangerous, because its most insidious, assailants; and our theological literature is indebted to Mr. BOHN for having added to his *Standard Library* these excellent translations of his works, and thus placing them within the means of all classes.

The Scottish Magazine and Churchman's Review. New Series. Nos. I. to V. Edinburgh: Lendrum. London: Masters.

THIS Magazine seems to be the Ecclesiastical organ of the Episcopal Church in Scotland; it is a useful and well-conducted periodical. The contents are especially calculated to give southern readers an insight into the doctrines and organization of the Scotch Episcopal Church. Among the articles we have read, we would point out one in No. IV. on "Art," as displaying great neatness and polish of style; and in the Number for the present month a review of that singular book, *Alton Locke*, as being liberal in sentiment and earnest in tone. It also contains a paper on "Schism," and a notice of "D. C. L.'s Letters on Church Matters," which are likely to interest our clerical readers.

Ordination; Matrimony; Vectigalia; and Extreme Unction, Theologically considered. By the Rev. DANIEL P. M. HULBERT, M.A., Priest in Holy Orders, and Member of the Senate of Cambridge. London: Painter.

MR. HULBERT's design in this volume is to show how Theology embraces many topics of interest in the world. The essay on *Ordination* involves many questions of interest in Church and State; the essay on *Matrimony* affects many of the offices both in Church and State, and, indeed, all are interested in a sacrament by means of which questions of succession to ranks and to property, good report and evil report as to parents and children, are so intimately associated, and the essay on *Vectigalia* is, unfortunately, on a subject from which no man is exempted.

Of the Essay on "Extreme Unction," Mr. HULBERT remarks in his preface that it is a topic "which all mankind are bound to accept or reject—to accept with all the zeal and warmth of believers in CHRIST as GOD; or to reject with all the might and power of defenders and maintainers of the truth as it is in JESUS."

The reverend author has brought much learning and considerable powers of reflection and of reasoning to his task, and the volume will not be read without profit even by those who may dissent from his views.

The Morning of Life. By E. L. London: Ramsay.

A SMALL volume of original poetry and short essays in prose, designed to encourage piety in young Christians. The Poetry is respectable, the prose sensible in ideas and fluent in language.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Logic for the Million; a Familiar Exposition of the Art of Reasoning. By a Fellow of the Royal Society. London: Longman and Co.

THE author properly classifies *Logic* into *Scholastic* and *Metaphysical*. He intends the same meaning as we do by the use of the more familiar and expressive terms, the *Artificial* and the *Natural* system.

Having so clearly recognised the distinction, we concluded, as of course, that a writer of *Logic for the Million* was about to favour us with a familiar exposition of the *Natural* system.

Judge our surprise when we found him, in his preface, avowing that he has nothing to do with the metaphysical portion of it, but only the scholastic. "Metaphysical Logic," he says, "consists in the knowledge of the nature of those powers of the mind which are exercised in the art of reasoning." He is wrong in this. Metaphysical Logic does not consist in a knowledge of the mental operations, although, without that knowledge, it is difficult rightly to teach or to comprehend it. Again, he says, "The study of metaphysical science seems rather to teach the art of doubting than the art of reasoning." It is plain from this that the anonymous author is himself ignorant of the Physiology of the Mind, and without a knowledge of this it is impossible to frame or to teach a natural system of Logic or the Art of Reasoning for the purpose of discovering the truth. Now *Scholastic Logic*, which alone the Author appears to understand and describe, is practically useless if not positively pernicious, and the proof of this lies in the fact that, under its guidance, there is scarcely an error in religion, in politics, in science, or in morals, which has not been sent forth as a truth. What trust can be placed in a guide that has already proved so faithless? Is not the cause of its failure its own fundamental weakness in preferring the Schools to Nature? We believe it so to be, and so believing we cannot recommend to our readers the use of a book that would maintain an erroneous system, especially when that book is intended for "the million."

Family Pastime, or Homes made Happy.
Houlston & Co.

A CAPITAL collection of the games and pastimes by which an evening party may be pleasantly and profitably occupied. It is the most copious gathering we have ever seen, and beyond compare the cheapest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Southey's Common-Place Book. Fourth Series. *Original Memoranda, &c.* Edited by his Son-in-Law, JOHN WOOD WARTER, B.D. London: Longman and Co.

SOUTHEY was a marvel of industry. How he

contrived to read so much, and to write so much, and yet to find so much time for his family and his friends, is a problem which even the perusal of his *Life and Correspondence* has not enabled us to solve. His works bear testimony, not merely to a fluent pen, but also to laborious research. The time required to write a work of imagination, or of argument, is not difficult to be ascertained. So many words a minute, so many words in a line, so many lines in a page, so many pages in a volume, and the productive powers of the author can be ascertained with tolerable accuracy. But, where the subject deals with facts, each one of which requires reference to authorities, it is impossible to estimate the time that would be consumed in the composition of a single page; and, as the greater portion of SOUTHEY'S works, even to his poems, were of the class requiring research, our wonder grows as we contemplate the sum of his labours. But of the actual extent of his reading, the public necessarily can have little knowledge, nor were its vast extent and variety conjectured until the publication of the contents of his *Common-Place Book*. Then it was seen that he must have devoted to reading many more hours than to writing, for four volumes of these gleanings have already appeared, and probably more are to come, and they are merely selections from the mass of materials he had accumulated. Such a collection of scraps, the odds and ends of learning, of strange and quaint, rather than instructive, passages, from authors known and unknown, is necessarily more curious than useful, and the book that contains them, like all of its class, is better adapted to be occasionally taken up at a spare moment, and opened at random, than for continuous reading. The previous volumes we have already noticed. From the present series we take a few further gleanings.

Here is a reminiscence of

ROWLAND HILL.

Rowland Hill made a good remark upon hearing the power of the letter H discussed, whether it were a letter or not. If it were not, he said, it would be a very serious affair for him, for it would make him ill all the days of his life.

Very amusing is this anecdote of

AMOS COTTE AND THE IMPROVISATORE.

Talassi called on Cottle, and sent up word that an Italian poet was below. Cottle, not knowing the name, nor liking the title, returned for answer that he was engaged. The angry improvisatore called for pen and ink, and thus expressed his disappointment:—

Confrère en Apollon, je me fais un devoir
De paraître chez vous pour désir de vous voir.
Vous êtes engagé: j'aurai donc patience.
Je ne journal point d'une aimable présence.
L'auteur d'Alfred se cache, et pourquoy, s'il lui plaît?
Je m'en vais desolé, mais enfin... C'en est fait
Signor Cottle riverito
Me n'andro come son Ito,
E se voi sublime Vate
Un Poeta non curate
Io del pari vi lo giuro
Non vi cerco e non vi curo.

Angelo Talassi di Ferrara, Poeta all' attuale servizio della Regina di Portogallo.

The following used to be told by

ERSKINE.

Some fifty or sixty years ago, Henry Erskine travelling through Winsley Dale, halted at Askrigg, and inquired of the landlord whether there was anything in the neighbourhood worthy of a stranger's notice. Boniface led him,—not to the falls of the Ure, nor to Hardra Scar, but into a field which had a cow-house in it, and a solitary tree. "There sir," said the landlord, rubbing his hands with delight, "do you see that cow-house, sir?" "Yes." "And do you see that tree, sir?" "That, sir, is a very remarkable place,—under that tree, sir, Rockingham was foaled."

The volume contains some personal recollections and extracts from SOUTHEY'S journals. From this part of it we take an account of a remarkable personage:

THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE.

Soon after my arrival at Christ Church the old Countess of Strathmore paid me a visit. This is a strange woman, every circumstance that occurs to her

is miraculous; as the servants lifted her into her carriage she struck her bonnet against the roof of the porch at our lodgings; the blow would not have injured a butterfly's wing, but she declared that it was Providence who had made her put on a bonnet that morning, which for many months she had not worn. There is an idiot in the workhouse at Christ Church; what is very singular, his forehead shows no marks of idiocy, or any of his countenance but his eyes; they have an open wild look, but it is the wildness of folly not of madness. The old Countess believes like the Turks that all idiots are inspired, and she sent for this poor fellow to know whether her husband Bowes would live another year. I had some difficulty in understanding her toothless tone, but she began by hoping I was very loyal, and expressed a very great respect for men of letters: and yet after she had been listening one day to a conversation upon Sir I. Newton, she suddenly exclaimed, "and what is Sir Isaac Newton compared to a nobleman?" I am told that she speaks Italian and Spanish with great fluency and elegance: I am certain, however, that she knows very little of the literature either of Spain or Italy. She told me Lope de Vega was her favourite author; that the translation of Don Quixote was one of the best in our language, and that it was ridiculous to talk of the great superiority of the original. * * * A Mrs. Morgan lived with a Lady Strathmore; she had been useful to her in her difficulties, and though they were always quarrelling, the old Countess appeared in all the parade of grief upon her death. Her carriage was covered with black, and she entreated Jackson to let her have a key to the church, that she might indulge her feelings and visit the grave at midnight when she pleased. Rickman picked up an elegy which she had been trying to compose upon this occasion; it began, "There are, who, though they may hate the living, love the dead," and two or three vain attempts followed to versify this. Commonplace ideas were given in language neither prose nor poetry; but the most curious part was a memorandum written on the top of the sheet—"The language to be rich and flowing." With all this ostentatious sorrow, six weeks after the death of Mrs. Morgan, she turned her daughter out of doors because she was attached to a country apothecary.

The next is curious:

THE FIRST CUP OF TEA.

Miss Hutchinson's great-grandmother was one of a party who partook of the first pound of tea that ever came into Penrith. It was sent as a present, and without directions how to use it. They boiled the whole at once in a kettle, and sat down to eat the leaves with butter and salt. They wondered how any person could like such a dish.

Here are some

LACONICS.

If Momus had made a window in my breast, I would have made a shutter to it.

The loss of a friend is like that of a limb. Time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.

A man is a fool if he be enraged with an ill that he cannot remedy, or if he endures one that he can. He must bear the gout, but there is no occasion to let a fly tickle his nose.

It is a narrow and mistaken idea, to imagine that the sooner things wear out the better it is for trade. The grand principle is, to make them so that an increased number of families or individuals are desirous to have them.

Now for a remarkable man in his way:

MAJOR CARTWRIGHT (THE SPORTSMAN.)

I saw Major Cartwright (the sportsman, not the patriot) in 1791. I was visiting with the Lambs at Hampstead, in Kent, at the house of Hodges his brother-in-law; we had nearly finished dinner when he came in. He desired the servant to cut him a plate of beef from the side-board; I thought the footman meant to insult him; the plate was piled to a height which no plough-boy after a hard day's fasting could have levelled; but the moment he took up his knife and fork and arranged the plate, I saw this was no common man. A second and third supply soon vanished: Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, who had never before seen him, glanced at each other; but Tom and I, with school-boys' privilege, kept our eyes rivetted upon him with what Dr. Butt would have called the gaze of admiration. "I see you have been looking at me (said he when he had done); I have a very great appetite. I once fell in with a stranger in the shooting season, and we dined together at an inn; there was a leg of mutton which he did not touch, I never make more than two cuts of a leg of mutton, the first takes all one side, the second all the other; and when I had done this I laid the bone across my knife for the marrow. The stranger could refrain no longer—"By God, Sir, (said he), I never saw a man eat like

you." This man had strength and perseverance characterised in every muscle. He eat three cucumbers with a due quantity of bread and cheese for his breakfast the following morning. I was much pleased with him, he was good humoured and communicative, his long residence on the Labrador coast made his conversation as instructive as interesting; I had never before seen so extraordinary a man, and it is not therefore strange that my recollection of his manner, and words, and countenance should be so strong after an interval of six years.

THE SAILOR AND THE COFFIN.

A sailor who had been for several years on a foreign station, and had hardly ever been on shore, asked leave to have a trip by land, and proceeded to Alverstoke, where, for the first time in his life, he witnessed a funeral. When he returned on board at night, he could talk of nothing but what he had seen in the churchyard. "Why, what d'ye think they does with the dead corpses ashore?" said he to a shipmate. "How should I know?" said the other. "Why, then, Bill, may I never stir," replied Jack, "but they puts 'em up in boxes and directs 'em."

From notes of a visit paid to Sir WALTER SCOTT, we subjoin two or three characteristic passages:

Mellrose at length appeared, its old abbey like a cathedral; to the right the Eldon hills, high and finely shaped; the auld gude man having broken them formerly to please Michael Scott. The ruin it were hopeless to describe—so wonderful is its beauty. Certain masons in the neighbourhood boast that they are descended from the builders, the family have always been of the same trade, and continue to be the best in the country. The finest window is injured by having placed the clock above it, which has cracked it above. Worse than this, they have converted the middle of the church into a kirk. Miss Waugh showed me an epigram which a friend of hers had stuck up in this abominable den of sacrilegious Calvinism.

Mellrose, within thy sacred shrine
Angels might once have loved to dwell,
But now there's not a decent swine
Would quit his sty for such a cell.

Three windows are patched up with miserable glass for this place of abomination; and to show that they are not in the right way, one way in is through the window. I saw steps leading up to one, and could not imagine for what purpose, till an old woman crawled up, pushed open a coarse wooden plank, which served to fill up one half of one division, and crept in. * * * Monday 7. Seven miles to Ashiestiel, Walter Scott's. We forded the Ettrick, and soon came in sight of the Tweed, proceeding along its banks, or in sight of them, instead of crossing the bridge, which is the direct road to Edinburgh. Scott took us over the hills to see the Yarrow, a classic stream. It winds from a solitary and sorrowful country. This is a quiet and beautiful vale—more beautiful because all around it is so dreary. I forded it on foot, the water not being above my boots. The greyhounds killed a young hare, on the opposite shore, odd as it may seem, the first I ever saw taken. Newark castle stands on a little knoll above the water, wooded on that side, one of the old square towers of the border banditti. Some ten men were once shot within its court. In fact, every place here has its tale of murder. We did not ask the name of a single place without a story in reply that somebody had been killed there. Some cousins of Scott's came to dinner. * * * Wednesday 9th. Went salmon-spearing on the Tweed, being the last day of the sport. I had a spear, and managed one side of the boat. I saw the sport without partaking of it. Three were taken, being all we saw. One had the mark of an old wound in his back, a cruel sport, though of all fishing the best. The savage grin of joy in one of the men, when stooping down till only his chin was above water (he had got a salmon by the tail, Scott's spear being through the creature's nose) would have been in character for a Dog-ribbed Indian. A Mr. Marriot came to dinner, an Oxonian tutor, to some lordling near. He talked of having seen the track of a horseman on the hill; and I found that, as in a savage country, the inhabitants here can tell by the track what horse has past, and how long ago. Our evening might have done for old times; he, I and Scott reciting ballads: his was a deplorably bad business upon Purlin Jane, made by I know not whom. Scott repeated some of Hogg's, the Ettrick shepherd, who is a man of genius.

We append a few miscellaneous selections:

ANECDOTES OF THE MUD-BATH INVENTOR.

Dr. Graham, the half-knave, half-enthusiast, I saw twice. At one time he was buried up to the neck in earth, in the midst of his patients; at another sitting up to the chin in warm mud, with his hair in full pigeon-wing dress. As he was haranguing upon the

excellent health he enjoyed from the use of earth-bathing, I asked him why he was then in the mud-bath if he wanted no relief? It puzzled him why, he said. "Why, it was to show people that it did no harm, that it was quite innocent, that it was very agreeable, and it gives me a skin as soft as the feathers of Venus's doves." A farmer once emptied a watering pot upon his head when he was buried, "to make him grow," he said. Latterly, Graham was an evident enthusiast; he would madden himself with opium, rush into the streets, and strip himself to clothe the first beggar he met! but the electrical bed was the infamous panderism of a scoundrel. He lived upon vegetables, and perpetually declaimed against making the stomach the grave, the charnel house of slaughtered bodies: in one of his pamphlets there is a page of epithets for wheat.

NOVEL MODE OF CURING AN INTERNAL DISORDER.

Croker told me that some of his countrymen brought a man before the magistrate for murder, because one with whom he had quarrelled and fought died in the course of the same evening. It appeared upon inquiry that the deceased had complained of a pain in his bowels, and that they, to relieve him, had determined upon spreading the gripe. The way this was effected was by laying the patient on his back, and then putting a plank on his belly upon which all the company stood and jumped.

SIAMESE HEAVEN AND HELL.

Sommona-Codom is likewise in Nireupan. According to the Siamese, M. de la Loubere and Père Tachard, there are nine abodes of bliss, and nine of sorrow. The former are over our heads, and the latter under our feet. The higher each mansion the more delightful and joyous; the lower, the more dismal and tremendous, inasmuch that the happy are exalted far above the stars, as the unhappy are sunk 10,000 fathoms deep below the earth. Those who inhabit the higher realms are called Thenada, the dwellers below, Pii, the men of earth, Manout. When a soul has once attained to so high a pitch of perfection as that no new enjoyments here on earth, how refined soever, are suitable to the dignity of its nature, the Siamese think that it is then freed from all future transmigrations. From that happy moment it appears no more in this world, but rests for ever in Nireupan; that is to say, in a state of perfect inactivity and impassibility. In short, according to their notion consummate happiness and the ineffable joys of Paradise entirely consist in this sort of annihilation. The remarkable passage ascribed to Musæus by the ancients, "that virtue will hereafter be rewarded with an eternal ebriety," so nearly resembles that of the impassibility of the soul that these two opinions may be resolved into one, without the least difficulty or forced construction.

A FRUITFUL PROGENY.

In the parish of Caerey Derwyddon, which is between Corwen and Kernege Mawr, lived a weaver who played admirably upon the violin by ear, without any knowledge of music. He was a great cocker, and was supposed to have the art of judging by the egg whether the bird would be a good one. He had procured some eggs of an excellent breed, and entirely to his liking, when the hen was carried off by a badger. No other hen was at hand, nor other bird to supply her place. He immediately went to bed himself, took the six eggs into his own care, and hatched them himself in about two days. Four of his brood died, a cock and hen were reared. The cock proved conqueror in a Welsh match, by which he won half a fitch of bacon, and he used to say that the cock and hen of his own hatching had supplied him with bacon and eggs for half a year.

A Little Earnest Book upon a Great Old Subject. By WILLIAM WILSON. London: Darton & Co.

IN an age like the present, which seems to be ever seeking for novelty, and in quest of change, the success of many a small volume hinges not seldom on the choice of a good or bad title. Your publisher will tell you it is often a most puzzling matter to choose a good title. It must be at once short, pithy, and clear, avoiding all vagueness and unreality, as well as every possible chance of being mistaken for any other prior claimant upon the good opinion of the great judge, the public. Of course the title, however good, will but give the little vessel a fair start into the great world; its real and lasting success depending on itself, its intrinsic worth and merit alone. If sea-worthy, it will survive all storms and escape shipwreck, however near it may sail to reef and rock; but if a leaky and ill-built craft, it will sink speedily to its own proper place, and be lost and forgotten in the depths where, says an old writer, "there be weeds, and unseemly things unworthy to live, bodies without souls."

Our author has chosen his title well. His book is small and earnest, and his subject as old as may well be. But earnestness, however deep, cannot altogether

atone for hasty carelessness of thought and expression, nor can antiquity of subject, however venerable, palliate a recurrence of common and trite imagery or subject. Had the author but partially obeyed the severe but wise words of one of those "mighty minds of old," which he regards with so much reverence

Si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Metili descendat Judicis aures,
Et patris, et nostras, nonumque prematur in annum,

and kept his M. S. "in arca"—say for four years—his *Little Earnest Book* would not have borne on its pages so many a mark of hasty composition, and the preface need not have pleaded guilty to "want of consecutiveness and a somewhat desultory character." He might then still have written because "he thought and felt," and not have needed to plead earnestness as an excuse for repetitions.

But Mr. Wilson "thought and felt" during a summer holiday, and incontinently rushed into print; so that we must not speculate on what he might, could, or should have, but what he *has*, written on the great, old subject of poetry, and the true poet.

Six months ago matters were different, but now we must be content to take what we can get.

Delere licebit,
Quod non edideris; necesse vox missa reverti.

We cannot here follow Mr. WILSON over the wide range of interesting and important topics, on which he touches with great earnestness and feeling in discoursing to us

Of all the wondrous elements of light and shade
Of human and divine, that dwells within the soul
Of him the world calls poet,—

but, we hope to say enough to induce many a reader to seek Mr. WILSON'S acquaintance in the pages of his little volume, and to judge of them for himself.

We have noticed some faults in the *Earnest Book*, let us now turn to some of its merits.

It is characterised throughout by extreme simplicity of thought and kindness of feeling. The author is full of pity and sympathy for the hardships and ill-treatment which poets have to undergo in the world, and most indignant in their behalf. It is the true poet who, in his opinion, is to regenerate mankind, and speak to listening man the deep eloquence of the whole universe, which is ever breathing forth strains of living and eternal truth, poetry in its highest and holiest sense. To accomplish this, "the poet often finds language very inadequate. How many are the great poet's thoughts and fancies, which he is unable to translate from their birth in the soul into the limits and forms of language. The perpetually active indwelling spirit cannot always reveal itself in song,—as the sun is often unable to struggle into light from beneath his heavy fall of clouds."

Mr. WILSON seems to imagine that solitude is quite essential for the inspiration and free utterance of the poet. It is there only that he throws off all restraint, and far off from the jar and discord of the world, and strife of men, communes in deep love with Nature, and listens to her wondrous imaginings. "If," says our author, "we search the whole universe, the imagination cannot discover any spot so likely, from the majesty of its associations, to diffuse through the soul of the poet the spirit of inspiration, as the far free mountain top." Far below him lie the luxuriance and mightiness of God's works. On one side the wide and vast ocean, the one element that seems to know neither change nor decay; on the other the wind is sweeping over, and sighing through, the dark woods, wantoning and careering through the wide expanse. "The poet ponders on the mysteries of the universe, and wonders at their magnificence; and having feasted his eyes on the varied loveliness of the scene spread out before him, and drank into his brain the magic harmonies which fill the air, he raises his eyes above, and beholds the surpassing glory and brilliance of the King of Day." We pause abruptly in the middle of this sentence, because Mr. Wilson, in the depth of his earnestness, and in lavish abundance of words, pours forth a series of phrases which his calmer judgment would have instantly condemned. The conclusion stands thus, "The visible eye of God, as it were, lighting and warming a universe, riding on the vast blue arch of Heaven, and backed beyond the reach of mortal gaze by gorgeous piles of cloud land, suggesting endless pictures to the mind." Now the picture of the poet on the mountain-top, drinking in from earth, sea, and sky, "sweet Nature's harmonies divine," is certainly not a new one, though it has an air of majestic reality about it, which imparts both grace and power to the spectacle. But the concluding words of the sentence mar the unity and dignity of the whole scene, by an open and direct confusion of similes. The sun is the eye of God; good—be it so; but the office of the eye is neither to light nor to warm. It is as the eye of the Almighty, in the fact of its rays penetrating and pervading the universe of created things,

and thus being not unlike its Creator in omniscience and omnipresence. And then, as if this were not enough, we have a perfectly new idea and image suggested, "riding on the vast blue arch of Heaven, backed beyond reach of mortal gaze by piles of clouds, and suggesting endless pictures." All these and similar faults a little calm thought and reflection would have prevented; while all that now renders the *Little Earnest Book* attractive would have been increased to a tenfold degree. In is on this ground we regret our author's rushing into print so hastily, and leaving so many parts of his pleasant book in rough unfinished dress. It would be easy to cite other examples similar to the above, but we turn with much greater pleasure to a picture of quiet repose and beauty, which Mr. WILSON draws for us, with a skill and simplicity of touch worthy of a great artist.

Let us turn away, then, from the toils and troubles of life, from the noise and strife of the world, to a scene of peace.

THE DEAD CHILD.

"If you would behold and contemplate an embodiment of perfect peace on earth, meekly follow us with reverent steps into a small and darkened room; softly draw the curtains aside, and let the blessed light flow in upon a quiet and lonely chamber.

"Humbly bow your head,—look down over that little couch, and do not for an instant shudder, for Death has been no cruel tyrant, and has gained no victory there. It is a beautiful little dead child, softly folded in its snowy shroud, and no human art can place before man a picture of such serene repose. Is not the innocence of its lovely face sublime? Does not its expression appear as though the stainless soul, as it passed out from the living frame to mount to regions of eternal bliss, had left a gleam of glory irradiating the countenance? What fearless confidence is on that simple, sinless face, which but a few fleeting hours ago was the clear dial of the soul that has now gone to fathom mysteries, and acquire knowledge that the wisest sages of earth are longing to know. What a pure image of Death! How completely robbed of all his cold terrors the ruthless monarch seems to be; yet a resistless awe overshadows the spirit when we feel that we are in such a presence; and as we have no fear for the little one sweetly sleeping there,—having, as it were, seen heaven reflected on an infant's face, we will re-drop the dark curtain, and glide noiselessly from the sacred precincts."

Alma quies optata veni, nam sic sine vita
Vivere, quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.

This is a quiet and loving picture, and we will not disturb its repose further, than to beg the author of the *Earnest Book* not to confound the spirit of Christianity with the spirit of Poetry. They are not in any sense identical; though more than once in the pages before us the attributes and power of the one are freely spoken of as belonging to the other. The gift of poetry is the gift of God, and therefore divine in nature,—as, if it be used for good,—it is divine in effect. "Faith in the godliness of true and philosophical poetry" is only so far a living reality as it is faith in Christ, who is at once the fountain of all wisdom and all beauty, and the preserver and sustainer of all that is holy in the thoughts of the heart. It is He who gives it life and strength and immortality, and to Him alone,—not "to Poets as Kings of the Earth,"—to Him alone as the King of Heaven, "we bow with willing rapture, and bend low with mental worship." If Mr. Wilson will remember this when he writes, and avoid the too frequent use of such words as "permeate," "evincement," "brilliances" (applied to stars),—"fleet" (as a verb),—and such phrases as "Poetry is the poet's religion,"—we hope very soon to see his name again in print. May his Book then be larger, and his earnestness no less, than at present. ALFRED CROWQUILL is as clever and full of good taste as ever, and has beautifully illustrated a well-printed and elegant little volume.

The Illustrated Handbook of North Wales. By JOHN HICKLIN. London: Whittaker & Co.

THIS is all that a Handbook for a tourist should be. It directs him to all objects of interest, and gives him all useful information relating to them without wasting time, type, and patience in laboured attempts to describe that which can only be made intelligible to the eye. A Table at the beginning of the volume presents the routes with a list of the things to be seen on either hand. This is followed by various routes which have been found convenient and agreeable by the author or his friends. A list of the flies most tempting to the Welsh fish in every month, will be an attraction to the angler, and a glossary of words in most common use in the Welsh language will help the wanderer in places where English is an unknown tongue. The volume is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts from drawings made by Mr. GEORGE PICKERING, of Chester, and

altogether we have not seen, among the many books of the class that have been sent for review, one that so recommends itself as this to the Tourist, the Antiquarian, and the Angler.

Excelsior; or, the Realms of Poetry. By ALASTOR.
London: Printed for the Author.

A VOLUME of miscellanies comprising reflections on the Poets, criticisms indicating their characteristics, and freely investigating their faults as well as their excellences, essays and narratives, written with singular elegance, and obviously the productions of a refined as well as of a reflecting intellect. The author's sympathies are always with the truthful, the fearless, and the generous, and few rise from the perusal of this little volume without having profited by it—with mind enlarged and sympathies extended. If the author is young, there is so much of promise in this first effort that we shall hope some day to welcome him to a high place in the literature of the age.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Return of the Number of Cotton, Woollen, Worsted, Flax, and Silk Factories Subject to the Factories Acts in the United Kingdom. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 1851.

Reports of the Inspectors of Factories for the Half-year ending 31st October, 1850. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1851.

We require, we are sure, to make no apology to our readers for bringing before them the matters which are elucidated in these two recently published Parliamentary documents. The manufacturing system of Britain which, consequently on the inventions of ARKWRIGHT and WATT, sprang, during the last half of the eighteenth century into sudden magnitude, was prodigiously stimulated by the continental war; during the ensuing "thirty years' peace," it steadily expanded, and does not, of recent years, show any symptom of abatement; and the influence, social and political, of the vast population which it supports, is, as every day testifies, powerfully increasing. The first of the two Parliamentary papers whose titles we have prefixed to the present article, contains an accurate statement of the numbers and distribution of the purely manufacturing population. The other communicates the latest attainable intelligence respecting their moral and economical condition. And though both are more meagre than could be wished, we may glean from them a few facts and views which will, perhaps, have at least the interest of novelty for many of our readers.

The whole number of persons, young and old, male and female, at present employed in the various factories of the United Kingdom does not exceed, in round numbers, some 600,000. But this, of course, no more indicates the number of persons in one way or another dependent on manufactures than do the officials at the Horse Guards represent the troops which compose the British Army. These 600,000 persons are merely employed in the conversion of the raw material into some kind of saleable shape, but if we look away from the factory operative to the bricklayer, who put together the factory walls, the carpenter who equipped its interior, the miner who provides it with coal and iron for its machinery, the engineer and mechanic who contrive and construct the latter, the mass of hands who convey the raw material to the manufactory and remove the manufactured article thence, the dealers who sell it, from the princely merchant of London or Glasgow to the pettiest rural huckster, the whole number of persons dependant on manufactures will swell to a figure to which we hardly venture to approximate. However, it is with the purely manufacturing classes alone that we now propose to deal. Their wealth, intelligence, power of combination, and political ardour, rank them among the most important sections of the working classes of the empire.

Again, of the whole 600,000, it would appear from the Parliamentary return, that a little more than one half are females, and that of these the far greater proportion are above thirteen, an alarming proportion if we remember how hostile to domestic comfort must be the labour in a mill of a mother or a wife. Of the whole number of persons employed, the children, male and female, form only about one seventeenth part, a number not nearly so large as is generally supposed, and the males above thirteen are happily so many as 225,000. The next point of importance is the distribution of employment among the 600,000. The cotton manufactory alone employs more than one-half, 331,000, the woollen and worsted, 154,000, flax, 68,000, and silk, 43,000. While, as regards the divisions of the United Kingdom, England employs 498,000, or nearly five-sixths of the whole, Scotland 76,000, and agricultural

Ireland only 25,000. Confining ourselves now to the most important branch of manufacture, that of cotton, of the whole 331,000 persons employed in this branch, so many as 292,000 are employed in English factories, and of these no less than 216,000 are employed in the county of Lancaster alone, a number double that of the soldiers and sailors of the British Empire!

We said that of the whole number of factory hands, only 25,000 were employed in Ireland, and of these of course almost the entire number, namely, 20,000, are employed in the staple manufacture of that kingdom, —linen. It has always been one of the chief deficiencies of that unhappy country, that its manufactures were few, and a most cheering feature of the Factory Inspectors' present report is the testimony it bears to a rapid increase in Ireland of late in the culture and manufacture of flax. Any symptom of improvement in this direction is of the utmost importance in the present state of Ireland, more especially as there is no doubt, from the experiments of the Chevalier CLAUSSEN, that flax will be henceforth used very extensively in the ordinary processes of the cotton manufacture, and a steadily enlarging demand for that article may be expected. The removal of protection from the ordinary grain crops has induced an inquiry as to whether flax may not be often substituted for them where they have ceased to be remunerative, and while the entire breadth of wheat in Ireland in 1849 was but 687,000 acres, evidence has been brought forward to prove that a demand for the growth of 500,000 acres of flax exists, so there can be little doubt of the propriety and probability of at once rendering the latter available. The farmers and landowners are taking the matter up, agricultural societies are giving their aid, and Ireland may live to bless the day when Lord STRAFFORD introduced the linen manufactory.

But the great centre of our manufacturing system is the county of Lancaster, one vast cotton mill spreading over the moors and hills and valleys of its southern division. Manchester, with its 400,000 inhabitants, and belted by towns like Bolton, Rochdale, Oldham, Ashton, Staleybridge, Stockport, each with its thirty or forty or fifty thousand inhabitants, all so busy and yet what CARLYLE would call so "inarticulate," is one of the strangest sights that England presents. Nothing in his tour through England surprised the traveller KOHL so much as these minor towers of Lancashire, with their immense wealth and population, and yet devoid of any trace of elegance or culture, and making no figure in the country. Nevertheless, we may predict that the energy, coarse though it be, which keeps in activity the wheels of the manufacturing system of Lancashire will not long want an intellectual development. Already, such phenomena as the Lancashire educational movement, the formation of Free Libraries in Manchester and Salford, the spread of Mechanics Institutes and Athenæums, point in that direction, and several of the most active of our younger *litterateurs* are Lancashire-bred, and participate in the influences, good and bad, of their native county.

The chief practical achievement, however, of the Lancashire masses is the social measure which most of our readers may be acquainted with under the name of the Ten Hours Bill, and which has been termed the Magna Charta of manufactures. Everybody hears occasionally of an agitation which has its seat in the metropolis, the Early Closing Movement, an attempt to have shops and warehouses closed at earlier than the present hours. But the Early Closing Movement aims at reaching its object by the persuasion of employers, whereas the Lancashire operatives demanded and obtained a legislative enactment. No mill could be at work with women and children employed before and after a certain hour, under heavy penalties, and to enforce this and other provisions, a *corps* of Factory Inspectors was brought into existence, with power to visit the mill and prosecute their owners. Such a step, however useful, met, as might be supposed, with the steady opposition of the mill owners. It was not made until after a long and fierce agitation of thirty years, and when made it was discovered that its enactments could be infringed with impunity, so that about this time last year a new bill was brought in by the Government, which fixed ten and a half hours as the *maximum* labour per day for women and children. Luckily this was a tacit compromise between the mill-owners and the operatives, and was effected with the consent of both. The new bill had been in operation for a short time when the Factory Inspectors made their last report, and the statements of Mr. LEONARD HORNER, the head of the Factory Office, are most gratifying in this respect.

It must be explained, that before the passing of the Ten Hours Bill and the new Ten and a Half Hours Bill, there had been a Twelve Hours Bill in existence, and the controversy between the employers and employed had dwindled into a dispute about an hour or two more or less. Mr. HORNER, however, stated on irrefragable evidence, that of great millowners them-

selves, that the curtailment of time consequent on the Ten and a Half Hours Bill has not curtailed production, which has remained at its old point, and this not owing to improved machinery or to an acceleration of its speed, but to the greater attention and activity of the hands, now that their toil is fixed within more reasonable limits. The manager of one woollen mill stated to Mr. HORNER a fact, which the latter gentleman justly styles "very remarkable," that working at the same thing and at the same rate of wages the women working ten hours averaged as much wages as the adult males working twelve hours! It used, too, to be said, that legislative interference would destroy the cotton trade and drive capital from England. To disprove this, Mr. HORNER shows that since 1835, when legislative interference first began to be effectual, there has been an increase in the number of persons employed in factories to the extent of nearly 250,000.

At present, the chief excitement among the Lancashire working people is on the subject of co-operative associations both for production and distribution. It is obvious that those for the latter object are more practicable than those for the former, but there seem to be inherent difficulties in the co-operative system which make us doubtful of the success of either. Meanwhile, in some cases, the millowners are organizing shops for the supply of goods to their workmen which, totally unlike those under the truck-system, are managed and supplied by a committee of the men, the master acting only as arbitrator. We wish we had space to transfer to our columns the description of one of these admirable arrangements furnished to Mr. HORNER by the manufacturers who set it on foot; but we shall have, perhaps, other opportunities of returning to the subject.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Etudes sur le Seizieme Siecle en France. Par M. PHILARETE CHASLES. Paris: 1851.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

PROBABLY all who have read the history of FRANCIS the First will agree with M. CHASLES in the following estimate of his character:

To an athletic frame, to a noble countenance, to the bravery of the soldier, to an unbridled taste for licentious gallantry, for luxury, and for expense, Francis joined a thoughtless enthusiasm for the ancient knights of chivalry, as little honesty and principle in his political conduct as all the princes of his time, and an ardent desire to imitate the Medici in everything. The reign of this monarch was only one long fête, illuminated from time to time by the flames that consumed heretics, troubled by the quarrels of theologians, more cruel, according to Melancthon, than the combats of vultures, interrupted by our defeats, by the profitless exploits of Bayard, by the punishment of Semblançay, and by the vengeance of the Constable de Bourbon. Though Francis was what Henry the Fourth so well called him, a king more specious than solid, yet he still exercises a seductive power over the imagination. On his accession to the throne the nobles hasten to crowd round him, Feudalism disappears, the name and the trade of Courtier arise. Priests, women, gentlemen rush to adore this new star of royalty which shines with a splendour bought with the oppression and misery of the people. For the first time the mistresses of monarchs take insolently their places by the side of queens. The chase, tournaments, masquerades, balls, concerts, succeed the noise and tumult of arms. The revenues of the State are dissipated, and the magnificence of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, insults the wretchedness of France; but the palaces of Chambord and of the Louvre console the king for the misfortunes which overwhelm his people and himself. Voluptuousness and erudition occupy the learned and gallant leisure of a court that graver subjects might have saddened. Professors of Greek and lovely women sit down together at the table of the king. Those of humble birth made welcome, provided they are distinguished by elegance and learning, are allowed to share the pleasures of the courtiers; the French language is nationalized; the number of writers increases; the general movement is powerfully aided by the character and the genius of the monarch. If history has more than one reproach to make to him he shines with an enduring lustre in our literary annals; the faults and the disasters of his reign seem to disappear in the glory which surrounds his throne. By that glory contemporaries were dazzled, and it is not wonderful that not a few writers, forgetting so much foolish expense, so many bloody executions and impolitic perfidies, have overlooked the true and deplorable condition of the kingdom.

The portrait which M. CHASLES gives us of MONTAIGNE is among the best things in his book:

At that time existed, in one of the remoter provinces

of France, a gentleman whom the wisdom and the affection of his father had protected, by means of an education at once energetic and mild, from scholastic errors and contemporary fanaticism. A sort of philosophical voluptuousness had developed his youth and fortified his riper age against the fury of religious war and the ardour of ambition. A soldier, a man of the world, he had opportunities of seeing the court, and carried into the duties of a careless life the idleness and the observation to which he had been accustomed by the ease and comfort of his early years, and by the good fortune or the courage of judging things for himself. The friend of most of his distinguished contemporaries, easy of access, and with a character little fitted to brave political storms, he resolved on living with his books and his thoughts alone as soon as the troubles of the monarchy assumed an alarming aspect. He made companions of the agreeable solitude to which he had retired, Ovid and Rabelais, Terence and Catullus, Ariosto and Lucretius, more frequently Seneca, Plutarch, Tacitus, and Comine, not even separating himself from them when he went to the chase. Lost in reverie, meditating or writing out extracts by turns, he corrected, or appropriated, or translated the pages of his favourite authors, or applied them to passing events without plan but not without object; knowing what he wished but not knowing whither he was going; vagabond in his contemplations as in his country excursions, he studied alike the ancients and his own heart, and joined to this double study the lively and satirical portraiture of the vices of his age.

Thus arose and thus was unfolded without art, and so to speak of itself, the first work in which human reason, applied to all the objects which the intelligence can seize, prepared the way for Descartes, for Gassendi, for Bayle, for Locke, for Rousseau, and even for Pascal though differing so much in other respects from Montaigne by the constitution of his mind. He is the first link in that chain of thinkers who substituted experience for belief.

The manner in which this writer commenced his bold enterprise is simple. He contents himself with rejecting dogmatism, and determines to write nothing but what he thinks, what he is sure of. Having acquired from the ancients skill in self-study he darts his glance on his own being; it is this of all things that he knows the best; and tracing a faithful image of his own existence, of his *humours* as he calls them, of his caprices, of his virtues and of his vices, he offers to whomsoever wishes to profit therefrom unlogged, unclouded by hypothesis the type of humanity itself. His daring hand shatters that firmness of conviction, that obstinate credulity with which the most dangerous opinions are maintained. Before the eyes of men he shakes the idols which they had raised, which they had regarded as immovable, and to which the blood of human victims had been sacrificed. Wrongly accused of impiety, his book is only a war waged with false certainties. Contrary to the general opinion he proves that it is not enough to know much but that it is also necessary to know well, deals his deadliest blows at the confused legislation, the product of so many different institutions which the eminent lawyers of his time endeavoured to reconcile, assails pedantic education, the spirit of faction, theological disputes, intolerance, the wrath of sectaries, especially legal wrongs and cruelties, torture and the inquisition. When so many false and glimmering lights which led to such detestable barbarities were taken for truth it was useful and reasonable to doubt.

He would have paid dear for his audacity if with the rigour of the logician, and the vehemence of the orator, he had hurled curse after curse at the iniquities of his age; with his good-natured and indispensable adroitness he alarmed no one, and prepared the way for the truth without being a martyr for the truth. Admitting all doctrines one after another; hovering between all the various opinions of philosophers; musing, narrating, discussing with a freedom of style equal to the daring of his thought he retraces the moving history of the human race, the delirium of our reason, the madness of our pride, shows, under all their aspects, and reproduces in all their entirety, human peculiarities, simply by contemplating himself. He tries all systems successively, employs the vigor of his reasoning to fathom in every direction the dangerous ground which he has chosen, carries his investigation sometimes toward the high regions of speculative philosophy, sometimes toward a philosophy of a more common and practical kind, then stops, returns on his steps, begins again his researches on another side and in an opposite direction, and leaves to Pascal, Bayle, Fontenelle, Duclos, Buffon, especially to Rousseau, the care of developing the numerous germs which his capricious and negligent hand has scattered on every path of knowledge.

Does this great writer belong specially to the sixteenth century by style and by language? No; his dialect is his own. From his infancy he had *gabbled*, as he says, the language of Seneca and Pliny; which,

under a form, half French, half Gascon, serves as vehicle for his spontaneous, piquant, bold and familiar thoughts.

There is something in him of Marot, of Lucan, of Tacitus, and the vivacity of his native patois evermore blends with the free march of the Latin phrase and the vigorous expression of the Roman idiom. It might almost be said that he foresaw that the French would not be a fixed and perfected language till fifty years later, and that disdaining alike the dialect of convention, and that which the people employed he created his own dictionary and his own syntax: mingling thus the lively familiarity of spoken discourse with dazzling images, and those fervid expressions, which seem to add to the depth of the thought which they colour, allying a simplicity full of elevation to a vigour of style which never falls into emphasis, and clothes itself alternately with the grace and with the free energy of his epoch, the most remarkable writers of succeeding centuries have studied him as a model and have enriched themselves with what they have borrowed from him without taking anything from his glory. He is the man of his own age who has most powerfully influenced the ages that came after; there is no other man of that age whom we know so well, whom we re-read so often, whom we consult and love more. We have difficulty in explaining the celebrity of the most of his contemporaries; their merit becomes evident to us only when we compare them with their rivals and the circumstances that surrounded them. But Montaigne still lives for us, we feel as if the blood still circulated in that heart so inclined to friendship, the raptures of which he has so beautifully portrayed, that that ardent energy of style, that poetic and fecund fervour have not been destroyed by death, and that the author of those admirable passages on ruined Rome, on virtue, on education, on knowledge, on private conduct, on tolerance, on heroism is our contemporary, our counsellor, and our guide.

It might be added to these eloquent delineations that MONTAIGNE has had the same influence over the French mind which SHAKESPEARE has had over the English mind. SHAKESPEARE has had more real empire in our literature than all our other authors together. And it is worth observing that it is our great poets, and never our great prose writers that have sunk deeply into, and potently moved, the nation's soul, while the contrary has been the case in France, where MONTAIGNE and ROUSSEAU have ruled supreme, elevated far above the most famous poets. Except the Greeks, no nation has been so completely conquered by its poets as the English. It was the aspiration for the ideal among the Greeks which made their poets kings; it is partly the intense conservatism of the English, partly their exceeding devoutness, partly their prosaic and plodding-life yearning for contrasts, which induces them to bow down so reverently before the poet. This veneration for the poet the most catholic of men would seem to indicate that the English have far more real catholicity of sentiment than the nations that sneer at them for being wanting therein, and who make the greatest parade of their catholicity.

This sketch of PHILIPPE DE COMINE shows the power of painting which M. CHARLES possesses, as much as his portrait of MONTAIGNE:

Between King Louis the Eleventh and his great vassals, took place that struggle of perfidies and cruelties in which he remained conqueror, and the guilt of which it would be wrong to reproach him with exclusively. The middle ages were expiring, the empire of mere force was destroyed, and the sceptre of the world became the heritage of the ablest and most skillful hand. The spirit of chivalry was no longer anything but a word. Kings, seeing the people gaining strength, and the nobles defending, as best as they could, their remaining privileges, created for themselves a special code of politics and morality, a code of violence and of cunning, which made the conservation of power an excuse for everything, and allied the prudence of the viper to the ferocity of the tiger. It has been thought that Machiavelli invented it though he did nothing more than publish its secrets.

Near the prince, who united the most of talents and of vices necessary for triumphing in these political combats, Fortune had placed a man endowed with enough of sagacity to judge him, and enough of pliancy to serve him. That prince was Louis XI., and that confidant Comine. The first wrested from the nobles by fraud and assassination, by gold and by blood, jewels

for his crown; a man whose pride and dexterity were both extreme; superstitious to the very verge of madness, but not so superstitious as to injure his interests or moderate his criminal propensities; carrying familiarity to a vulgar excess, and haughtiness to an implacable ferocity; avaricious and lavish; mean and supercilious; the ideal and caricature of tyranny; a sort of *bourgeois* Tiberius, he destroyed one by one the enemies of the monarchy, and established his empire upon their ruins. But those ruins sprang to life again, and the throne, agitated by them, tottered for more than a century.

Comine, a Flemish noble, one of his most faithful servants, was gifted with that cold un pitying glance which permits no passion to blend itself with the examination of men and of events, with a soul naturally calm, a mind elevated, firm, penetrating, but without imagination. Destitute of literary culture, but maturely educated in political action and affairs, and knowing how to concentrate the results of his personal experience on a given purpose, he quitted the court of the Duke of Burgundy, who, by his insane rashness, was hastening his own destruction, rendered an eminent but secret service to King Louis XI., who was not ungrateful, and allowing himself to be bought, as was so much the custom with noblemen at that time, came and established himself at the court of France. There he was so great a favourite, that in accordance with manners which did not disappear till the reign of Louis XIII., he often shared the bed of the monarch. After the death of the latter he underwent a long captivity in the cages of iron constructed by his master, expiating thus some political intrigues in which he was involved. He suffered this disgrace with the patience of a man accustomed to the vicissitudes of a public career, and when restored to liberty he conserved the last days of his life to writing what he had observed, foreseen or divined.

Instructed by such lessons, and proved by such trials, he has nothing of the childish simplicity of our chroniclers. First of all he retires himself from the scene, throws aside the reminiscences of personal vanity, observes the combatants, and judges the effect of the blows struck. He effaces himself even with apparent pleasure, in circumstances where he must have played a conspicuous part. His cold impartiality astonishes us by the force of reason which it implies. Impossible as destiny, resigned to the vices, the adversities, the follies of men, as much as to his own misfortunes, and his own faults, nothing moves him, neither the remembrance of his dungeon, nor that of the cruelties of his master. Such effects have had their causes, and as the fatalist of history he explains them. The course of events is connected in his eyes by a necessary combination of human characters, and of the circumstances that surround them; nothing can conquer this omnipotent destiny. Remarkable, especially by the truth of his observations, he prophesies the greatness of England; Venice and its vigorous institutions, the French monarchy strengthened by Louis XI., are appreciated by him in the clearest and most exact manner. Even at the present day the countries of Europe are recognizable by the general traits wherewith he has delineated them. He narrates well, but in him, as in Tacitus, narration and reflection blend into one. His morality is characteristic of the time in which he lived. He esteems exceedingly what is honest, but rather more what is useful, and when the conflict of virtue and success astonishes his reason, he does not hesitate to smother his higher feelings and principles, resigning himself besides to the tribunal of God, whom he establishes sole arbiter in a matter so difficult.

It might be thought that he would find the apology of Louis XI. embarrassing. Far from it. He judges him with a tranquil liberty. Instead of excusing him he rises to a point elevated greatly above the events; he indicates the vast results he has had the sagacity to prepare, shows the depth of his views, condemns his vices when they were sterile, and his artifices when they merely ensnared himself. This simplicity, and the lucidity with which he unveils the secret springs and movements of contemporary politics, become eloquent through his shrewdness of insight and power of portraiture; as, for instance, when he paints the last moments of the dying king, the sagest man whom he had ever known, tormented in his old age by cruel maladies and an ignoble superstition, led by his physician, Cottier, like a peevish infant, by a whimsical and angry preceptor, trying to make a power felt which, like himself, is expiring, covering his enaciated limbs with the ensigns of a royalty which he is about to lose, so suspicious toward the end of his life, that he causes the garments of his nearest relations to be examined, that his archers may see whether they have concealed poniards under them, deceiving men to the very last, and pretending to read despatches, though no longer able to distinguish one letter of the alphabet from another, ordering the infliction of the most merciless punishments to assure himself that he is still a king, expiating the crimes of his life by an agency of three

years, and during all that time playing the part of executioner on himself.

It is not wonderful that Montaigne has admired the profound good sense of this historian, and Charles the Fifth the sagacity of his views. His style is simple to very nakedness; the parasitical employment of the particles, the clumsiness with which the members of the phrase are connected without being united, the hesitating march of the periods, the feebleness of the diction, ceaselessly entangled by conjunctions, which serve as a link of transition, not only to paragraphs, but chapters, betray the struggle of the writer, and the imperfection of the instrument which he employs. Often the article is suppressed, and this, besides abridging a passage, gives it rapidity and force. The moderate use of inversion, and of words borrowed or imitated from the Latin, do no harm to the clearness of the style, the tissue of which without ornament or elaboration, is not wanting in a certain easy and graceful nobleness; the thought is unfolded in all its depth, extent, and minutest shades of meaning.

To be a Frenchman is to be inaccurate, because a Frenchman always persuades himself that he can see everything at a glance. On several occasions M. CHARLES speaks of JAMES First as JAMES Second. And giving the English and German equivalents of the French phrase *il est vrai*, he says the German is *es ist treue* which a schoolboy could tell him is doubly incorrect.

We conclude our notice of the book with a few miscellaneous gleanings:

Mary Stuart, at fourteen, and very beautiful, recites in the Louvre a Latin discourse of her own composition, in which she endeavours to prove that knowledge is for women an additional charm.

About the end of the fifteenth century, among other curious plans which preachers adopted to give effect to their eloquence, was that of having some one beside them who raised on high a skull, with a light inside, to make more impressive the pathetic parts of their discourses.

Oliver de Serres, a Protestant nobleman, who applied himself to farming, and made many improvements therein, wrote a work called *Le Theatre d'Agriculture*. This was the favourite book of Henry the Fourth, who every day had some pages of it read to him after dinner. It was by the express order of King Henry that Oliver de Serres introduced the cultivation of the Mulberry into France.

The father of good king Louis XII., Charles, Duke of Orleans, was one of the best of the old French poets, and sweetened a captivity of five-and-twenty years by his simple and touching compositions.

A work entitled *Les Cent Nouvelles*, imitated from Boccaccio, published about four hundred years ago, and which has maintained its position in French literature, had for one of its authors Louis XI., at that time Dauphin.

How beautiful and noble are these words with which Achille De Harlay braved the Duke de Guise: "My soul is my God's, my heart is my king's, and my body is in the hands of the wicked." ATTICUS.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The North British Review, No. XXIX., is as powerful as its predecessors. The subjects of the articles are very interesting, and they are treated with singular vigour and originality of thought and style. "France since 1848," is an able review of the present condition of that people, going below the surface for the causes of the peculiar and alarming state of things apparent there. "Forms of Infidelity in the Nineteenth Century," is a bold and successful exposure of the German school of theologians. A comparison between "Dickens and Thackeray" is conducted with great acumen, and brings before us the peculiar characteristics of these two novelists. "Recent Extension of Formal Logic," is a hard-headed essay by a close reasoner. The recent experiments in "Animal Magnetism," of Baron REICHENBACH and Dr. MAYO, are reviewed fairly and impartially. "Public Libraries" are treated of in another paper. "Arago's Life of Carnot" is well analyzed, and its substance presented to us. "The Water Supply of London" is handled by an accomplished scientific pen; and the "Royal Supremacy in the Church and Papal Aggression" are the theme of the last paper, which will be read with interest as containing the views of the Free Kirk party on this question.

The Gentleman's Magazine for May, with its new lease of life, has preserved some of the most valuable of its old features as its Historical Review and its Necrology, while its general literature has been vastly improved and extended. It contains some excellent engravings and woodcuts.

The British Gazetteer, Part XX., is the most copious we have ever seen. It contains maps and

engravings, and the accounts are supplied from original sources. This part advances the work as far as the letter P.

ALBERT SMITH'S amusing *Adventures of Christopher Tadpole*, with its clever and humorous illustrations, has issued its eighth part.

Knights' Cyclopædia of London, Part VI., is an abbreviation of his great work on London and will be very useful to visitors. This part describes the Port, the Bridges, the Docks, and the Companies of London.

Knights' National Edition of Shakspeare, Part XIII. is a reprint in a very cheap but handsome form, of his famous *Pictorial Shakspeare*. The part contains *Romeo and Juliet*.

1851, or the *Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys*, Part IV., is a tale by HENRY MAYHEW, illustrated by GEORGE CRUKSHANK, in his happiest mood. His sketch of "The Opening of the Exhibition" is worth more than the cost of the part, and the reading portion is very amusing.

Half-hours with the Best Authors, Part XIV., is one of Mr. KNIGHT'S most useful and interesting publications. It consists of selections from the best authors of all times and countries, made with admirable taste, a single portion being devoted to half-an-hour's reading every day in the year, and a religious passage being always chosen for Sunday. It is also wonderfully cheap.

Tallis's Illustrated London, Part IX., is a picture of London as it is, each part having twelve beautiful steel engravings with letter-press descriptions. It is a miracle of cheapness and unrivalled in excellence which cheap things are not always.

The Eclectic Review, for May, opens with a very interesting article on "The London University, its Past Career and Future Prospects," "Biographies of Dr. PYE SMITH and the Rev. W. WALFORD," and reviews of "BENNETT'S Poems," "RUSKIN'S Stories of Venice," and "Rovings in the Pacific" vary the contents agreeably. "The Caffre War" is the subject of its political article.

Woman's Love. By G. HERBERT RODWELL. This is the first part of a serial romance which is intended to be comic. It promises well.

The sixth part of *Knights' Cyclopædia of Industry* is, in fact, a dictionary of art and science; a selection from the articles in the "Penny Cyclopædia." It is cheap, but not at all what its title might lead persons to suppose. It has no connection whatever, beyond the title, with the Exhibition, and we regret that this should have been used. Mr. KNIGHT'S good judgment has been at fault here.

Timethrift, No. I., is the commencement of a periodical to be conducted by Mrs. WARREN, intended to convey useful information to ladies. It contains engravings of patterns of ladies' work.

Part IV. of Mr. WILLOUGHBY'S edition of the *Arabian Nights* is profusely illustrated with clever engravings, and so is the eleventh part of his new edition of *Don Quixote*; illustrated by the characteristic pencil of TONY JOHANNOT. They are also handsomely and correctly printed.

Knights' Excursion Companion, Part IV., designed to be a guide to the various pleasure trips so numerous projected during the summer season, gives such a description as the visitors need for their proper enjoyment of Exeter and the South Coast of Devon; Plymouth, and its environs; Cheltenham and Gloucester; Stratford-on-Avon, and Warwick.

The Family Tutor, Nos. I. to VIII. is a cheap periodical designed to assist home education by instructive articles on various useful and amusing topics, as Grammar, Zoology, Chemistry, History, Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physiology. It is illustrated with woodcuts, and well adapted to the understandings of young persons.

The People's and Howitt's Journal, for May, contains its usual variety of essay, tales, poetry and intelligence of social progress, with some extremely clever engravings on wood.

The Imperial Cyclopædia, Part 7, is a continuation of Mr. KNIGHT'S magnificent enterprise, which, we hope, is proceeding prosperously. This first portion is to be a *Cyclopædia of the British Empire*, and the part before us advances from the word "Dorsetshire" to the words "English Channel" and it contains two coloured county maps and seven views of Winchester engraved on steel. Great pains have been taken to secure accurate and original information.

The Pictorial Family Bible, Part IV., is a reprint on larger paper, with many additions and improvements, and at a much diminished price, of Dr. KITTO'S *Pictorial Bible*, published by KNIGHT. All the engravings are here given, and its cheapness will be understood when we state that this fourth shilling part has already brought it to the close of the Book of Leviticus.

The Parlour Magazine, No. 1, is a new weekly periodical consisting of selections from foreign as well as home literature, and that is its peculiar feature, and which will give it a claim to notice amid its many rivals. We have here translations from the Swedish, Danish, French and Spanish.

Tallis's Dramatic Magazine for May, contains portraits of Mr. PHELPS and Mr. G. BENNETT, with memoirs and a variety of articles on the Drama and

intelligence of the stage in the provinces and all parts of Europe.

Part XII. of *Knights' Pictorial Half-hours* consists of a collection of twenty-eight engravings with letter-press descriptions, selected from Mr. KNIGHT'S vast and varied stock. It is one of the most useful household books we have ever seen.

The Contrabandists of Minehead, No. III., is a tale publishing in monthly numbers, very cleverly written, and the scene of which is laid on the North Coast of Somerset.

The Diplomatic Revelation, No. I., is a new quarterly to be devoted to state papers. It is edited by H. H. PARISH, Esq. The documents here published are old ones, and we fear that the work will be more interesting to the few who write history than to the rest of the world.

Messrs. GROOMBRIDGE are publishing a series of "Farm and Garden Essays." The first "On the Cultivation of Arable Land," is before us, and it conveys its information in language plain enough to be intelligible to farmers.

Chambers's Papers for the People, Vol. VIII., treats of many interesting subjects in an exceedingly interesting manner, as for instance, "Ocean Routes," "Cromwell and his Contemporaries," "Life at Graefenberg," "Ancient Philosophic Seats," "The Wonders of Human Folly," and "Lady Mary Wortley Montague." It is by far the best cheap publication of the day.

The Pilgrim's Progress, Parts III. to VI. is recommended by its numerous and clever outline illustrations by DAVID SCOTT. Each part contains three of them, and they exhibit originality and genius of no common order. When completed this will be the handsomest edition of the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress."

Deutsches Museum; Zeitschrift für Literatur Kunst und öffentliches Leben, herausgegeben von Robert Prutz und Wilhelm Wolfson: German Museum; Journal devoted to Literature, Art, and Politics, edited by Robert Prutz and William Wolfson: is the title of a new semi-monthly published by Hinrichs, at Leipzig, and sold by Westermann and Co., of this city; which, if the auspices under which the first number appears prove a correct index of its future character, would really seem to meet a desideratum at present existing in this department of German literature. The events of 1848, which shook the political institutions of Europe to their very centre, could not but manifest also a revolutionary and disorganizing influence in the field of literature; and hence it came, that whilst the country was teeming with new political papers of every variety of opinion and position, the strictly belletristic and critical reviews, which addressed themselves to the cultivated portion of the public, either dragged out a miserable existence, or perished entirely amid the contending clamors of party strife. Those only of long standing, and of strictly scientific or professional character, successfully withstood the shock. The political and miscellaneous papers endeavoured to remedy the defect, temporarily at least, by opening the columns of their "Feuilletons" to the contributions of men of acknowledged literary ability and reputation; and Gutzkow's long novel, "Der Ritter vom Geiste," is now appearing (to the astonishment of many of the Germanic Literati, who abhor the idea of borrowing even a literary custom from their French neighbours) in the shape of supplementary feuilleton-sheets of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* at Leipsic. However, the editors are of opinion that by the universal adoption of this custom, their countrymen would run the risk of sacrificing one of the most important and prolific branches of German journalism, which "for more than a century has provided them with the most abundant and wholesome nutriment for their moral and intellectual culture, and in which the noblest names of their literary Olympus are inscribed." The present journal is, therefore, announced as one that is to commence the reaction in favour of purely literary and æsthetic culture. Its aim will be "to furnish to the cultivated public a new centre for its literary and artistic interests, and to recall to the memory of the age, in the shape of scientific and belletristic journalism, those principles on which all political power and greatness are founded." More popular and adapted to a wider circle of hearers than other reviews in the rigorous sense of that term among the Germans, it is still to embrace all the departments of knowledge; the professional disciplines, indeed, only in so far as they are susceptible of interest for the general reader; but more especially and properly, History, the Sciences, Archaeology, History of Literature, Art in all of its departments, Politics, Social Life, Select Correspondence from the principal cities of the continent, &c., as well as original poems, novels, and dramas. This prospectus would certainly, at first sight, appear grandiloquent; did not the fact that Schöll, Gutzkow, Boeckh, Auerbach, Geibel, Karl von Raumer, &c., all of whom rank among the very first celebrities of Germany, refute such a charge by able articles in the first number. We notice among them, "Philology in General and its Relation to the Present Time," an address delivered at the opening of the Eleventh Assembly of German Philologists, Orientalists, &c., (held on the 30th September, 1850, at Berlin, by August Boeckh, the illustrious chief, and perhaps the fittest representative of philological learning in his country, who to his vast erudition and critical skill has added the talent and

eloquence of the orator, and whose academic discourses are regarded as models of eloquence in their kind. Another of the articles is "The Last Summer of Lenau," from the more popular pen of Berthold Auerbach. We can conscientiously and most cordially recommend the "Deutsches Museum" as one of uncommon excellence and promise to such of our readers as are desirous of keeping a good German review.

MUSIC.

The Parish Choir, or Church Music Book. Vol. III. London: Ollivier.

WE have had frequent occasion to notice and recommend this work in the course of its publication in numbers. The third volume, now completed, makes manifest its extraordinary cheapness. Here we have upwards of 200 pages of letter-press, relating to Church Musical matters, instructive and interesting, and about 100 pages of music, comprising seventeen of our finest anthems, and no less than seventy-four Psalm and Hymn Tunes, with the words. It is truly what its title announces it, and that is a great merit now-a-days. We can recommend it to the attention of the clergy.

NEW MUSIC.

Tantum Ergo, a due Tenori e Basso. Composto da GIOACHINO ROSSINI. London: Boosey & Co.

Mendelssohn's Cradle Song, for the Pianoforte. By G. A. OSBORNE. London: Boosey & Co.

Mendelssohn's First Violet, for the Pianoforte. By G. A. OSBORNE. London: Boosey & Co.

Curschmann's Der Kleine Haus, for the Pianoforte. By G. A. OSBORNE. London: Boosey & Co.

THREE adaptations to the Pianoforte of music already so famous as to need neither criticism nor recommendation. Enough to say, that Mr. OSBORNE has performed his task with taste and skill, and the strains of the Master have suffered nothing in the translation. The *Tantum Ergo* is a magnificent composition, produced on the occasion of the solemn restitution to Catholic Worship of the Church of San Francisco at Bologna, in November, 1847.

Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

JENNY Lind is on her way to New York. Her concert at Cincinnati produced 15,000 dollars.—An admirably executed model of Her Majesty's Theatre has been placed in the Great Exhibition by the modeller, Mr. Dighton, 2, Great College-street, Westminster.—Miss Glyn has now added a Liverpool leaf to the crown of laurels which she has been weaving for herself during her provincial tour. Here, as elsewhere, the London verdict is confirmed; and Miss Glyn may now be considered as having taken the first rank of her profession with general consent.—While Mr. F. Phillips was performing the character of *Rob Roy* at the Norwich Theatre, a few days since, a platform which he had to ascend gave way, from its having been insecurely erected, and he fell some distance, alighting on his heel. Mr. Phillips, who is a heavy man, fractured the bones of the leg and ankle-joints; he was conveyed to the hospital, and the lower extremity of the leg-bone was amputated.—The New Strand Theatre has been taken by Mr. Copeland, brother-in-law to Douglas Jerrold, and lessee of the principal Liverpool theatres, and having been newly decorated, has opened with a comedy, a farce by Buckstone, and a mythological sketch, connected with the Great Exhibition, by Shirley Brooks.—From an official document not yet published, it appears that there are at the present time three hundred and thirty theatres in France. Paris contains twenty-three. Only twenty-eight towns in France have resident companies; the others are supplied by strolling companies.—M. Fétis is announced as about to contribute articles on the Great Exhibition to the *Gazette Musicale* of Paris.—The question of theatrical censorship was lately brought forward before the annual assembly of dramatic authors in Paris. M. Victor Hugo delivered a speech, in which he demanded the "abolition of the law, as contrary to the constitution." The meeting, greatly agitated after this demand, formally expressed the desire to see the word "constitution" removed from the resolution proposed, and very marked interruptions from all parts clearly proved that the dramatic authors, jealous above all of their dignity, will never consent to become the stepping-stones of a man or a party. M. Victor Hugo thereupon declared that, in consequence of the clearly expressed ill-will of the Assembly with respect to the constitution, and of the necessity imposed on him of withdrawing that word, he would not be responsible for the proposition so modified. M. Saint Hilaire, a vaudeville, then took up the resolution as amended, and it was adopted, but only by a small majority.

ART JOURNAL.

The Art Journal for May has a double claim upon public attention. In addition to three exquisite engravings from pictures in the Vernon Gallery, each one of which, ten years ago, would have cost more than the entire number, and its wonted multitudes of woodcuts, illustrating articles on art and its belongings, there has been commenced a *Catalogue of the Great Exhibition*, presenting no less than 250 engravings, in the first style of art, of objects exhibited, with letterpress descriptions. Nothing to compare with these for beauty has yet issued from the press, and, when completed, it will form not only the most complete, but the most elegant and the most perfect, record of the glories of the Exhibition which the enterprise of our publishers has undertaken. We recommend all our readers to inspect this before they resolve what to purchase. Sure we are they have but to see it, to possess it.

The Official Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Part I is now before us. It opens with an interesting and valuable analysis of the contents of the Exhibition, the perusal of which will materially assist in its examination; and, indeed, without such previous knowledge an inspection will be deprived of half its utility. This occupies a greater portion of the first part, and nobody will regret its length or its minuteness. The illustrations are only commenced in the pages at the end; but they suffice to show the plan of the work. For the most part they are not so highly finished as those in the *Catalogue of the Art Journal*, but the letter-press descriptions are much more copious. Until the appearance of the second part, which will afford a greater variety of subjects for the graver, it would not be fair to form a judgment of its merits as a work of art. As a work of science it is invaluable.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Eighty-third Exhibition of the Royal Academy has produced no works of very great merit or any calling for very particular notice; certainly the expectations so liberally raised in anticipation of this year's advance will be disappointed. But one thing, to those who look below the surface, will be evident, that is, a great increase in care and labour spent on the pictures themselves, and a highly marked conscientiousness in the selection of materials for them; which improvement is as visible as it is satisfactory, and evinces the approach of a far happier period of Art than the sudden upstarting of any new light or wonderful Genius; upon this we have to congratulate the artists as being something of more consequence than the probability of one or two sudden stormings of fortune. We will comment upon the works of the Royal Academicians who are Historical Painters, first in order. First stands Mr. MACLISE, whose picture (No. 67) of *Caxton's Printing-office in the Almonry of Westminster*, will, we think, be looked upon as, perhaps, one of the most successful of his works. The incident chosen is a visit of Edward IV. to the famous printer. CAXTON himself, who is describing the new invention to the King, stands by the press, exhibiting a proof of *The Game of Chess*, which has just been "pulled," the King, whose whole figure is most admirable, turns, with a cautious hand, the damp sheet in which the awed zeal of a boy in the front leads him to assist (nothing can be finer than the action and invention of this boy), and listens to the detailing of the process with attentive care, impressed with the confident earnestness of the printer, on whose countenance is shown a lip-trembling anxiety, without obsequy, and a perfect self-consciousness and respect; behind him stands WYNNYN DE WORDE, whose figure strikes us as being too much in the shade, or rather in the dark, for Mr. MACLISE's shade is not exactly shadow, but obscurity and murkiness. By the side of the King stands ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, her hands upon the shoulders of the future "Rose of York," who by no means impresses us with an idea of beauty, though the character of both is excellent. The other children of the King and Queen stand between them and the press, listening in indolent, childish curiosity to the printer; on the left of the picture are bookbinders and engravers at work, all replete with character, and most varied and appropriate; behind them are several attendants of the King, Knights and Monks. On the right, are compositors at work, and a man preparing to ink the types for a fresh pull, whose expression, looking through the framework of the press which stands between him and the royal party, is wonderful; one of those pieces of observation and invention which delight every observer of Art. To speak of this picture as a whole would be in unqualified praise and admiration, but on close regard we find many things not wholly free from liability to censure. The flesh-tints are far from being like nature; they have (though by no means to the degree which is usual with Mr. MACLISE) a repulsive metallic look, an utter mistake for human flesh. There is frequently a want of elegance in the drawing of the figures, sometimes they are stiff and meagre; and this, while the costumes are most powerful, most admirable examples of colour, and every detail, of which there is an immensity and that full of interest, is elaborately and honestly finished. To conclude, we have seen no picture for years which gave us so much pleasure, or one which could add

more to the reputation of its painter. Of the artist's other works here, is his *Portrait of Sir E. B. Lytton* (No. 238), and *Macready as Werner* (No. 644.) The first is the most repulsive portrait we ever saw, certainly the acme of the artist's faults. The blue eyes of the ghastly baronet glare with the vacancy of china, and his whole figure (most appropriately placed by the side of a fire-place) down to his very boots, suggest a pokerishness which is remarkably unpleasant. Of *Werner* we have little to say but that we never saw anything so sketchy by the artist.

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE takes his place as President in the post of honour. No. 135, *Ippolita Torelli* is an admirably delicate and astonishingly subtle piece of psychological knowledge. The head of a beautiful lady, whose eyes of sorrowful regard and slightly in-drawn lips will be observed by the student with increasing admiration. There is an unaccountably flushed look on the flesh, as if the crimson of the dress had been found too powerful for it, as originally painted, and then a strong glaze had been added to keep up appearances.

Mr. MULREADY exhibits *A Music Lesson*; one of his old pictures, painted in 1809, showing a delightful grace and elegance, a perfect appreciation of flesh colour, and all those qualities of artistic execution which are connected with his name. The action and figure of the lady is beautiful, her fingers rest "informed," upon the keys of the instrument.

Mr. DYCE has three pictures: (No. 77) *King Lear and the Fool in the Storm*, is very successful: the action and head of Lear are capital, there is excellent and fine colour about his dress which is rightly studied and finished, the expression of both is correct and energetic; that of the Fool, though perfectly appropriate, forcibly suggests that the artist must have made use of one of those gutta serena masks, so popular with children lately, so extreme is it in its grotesqueness. The background is well painted though hardly presenting enough of the storm. (No. 107), *Bacchanals*, an early study, exhibits a considerable proficiency in the study of TITIAN and POUSSIN. (No. 1284), *Portrait of a Lady*, electrotyped, will attract attention as a work in sculpture by a painter; it is very successful and displays much character.

Mr. HERBERT'S (No. 33), *Portraits of the Artist's Children*, is painted in a severe, just, and conscientious style, there is much feeling in the heads; the room is a capital piece of air effect; the whole, though conveying a great impression of austerity, is a worthy work of the artist. No. 84, *A Study for the Judgment of Daniel*; the boy who said "O thou that art grown old in evil days, now are thy sins come out, &c." Admonishing, with upraised finger and earnest face, the boy stands in a very expressive attitude, but his face seems to us rather that of an offended playmate than the enunciator of the judgment of God. The colour of his drapery is beautiful, though in some places a little slighted in execution.

Mr. LESLIE, whose work will always be welcome to the public, sends two (100, 140.) The first, a little half-length study from a young lady, is full of pleasing freshness, much grace, and a delightful vivacity. No. 140, *Falstaff Personating the King*, is not, we think, quite so successful as usual; the figure of the prince is, however, admirable.

Mr. COPE has four: (No. 161), *The Sisters*; a large picture of a young damsel endeavouring to persuade a sister to join an excursion, who replies with a long quotation (in the catalogue), there is a sparkling, and to use a new term, frothy effect about this we do not like; the attitudes are graceful and natural, that of the lady standing, eminently so, but still the whole is flimsy, very different from an exquisite little *Portrait of a Young Lady* (No. 177), which is very true to nature, nicely and unaffectedly modelled. Mr. COPE's great work this year is three subjects from the life of LAWRENCE SAUNDERS, the second of the Protestant martyrs, in the reign of Queen MARY. The first compartment represents a visit from the wife of the sufferer, who is refused admittance; a delicate piece of feeling is shown in placing a woman at some distance in the picture, who appears to be sympathizing with the unfortunate lady in being refused admittance to her husband. The second, the interior of the prison where is seated the martyr, to whom the gaoler brings his child, not venturing to introduce the wife. In the third he is going to execution.

Mr. HART has two works (Nos. 20, 44.) No. 20 represents *Benvenuto Cellini giving instructions to Barnardino Manellini respecting the Perseus*; two half-lengths painted in a singular manner, which is peculiar to Mr. HART; an unwholesome cholera—suggesting green light pervades the whole; heads, which really possess great character, are ruined by a slovenly style of execution, which renders considerable power quite abortive and somewhat ridiculous. Whoever is acquainted with Mr. HART's works will know what we complain of, for it is a besetting sin with the artist. The other (No. 44), is a portrait, painted in a style somewhat raw and crude.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER favours the public with six pictures. No. 112 is a wonderfully painted Stag executed with a vigour and roundness which we were afraid the artist had forgotten; behind him rises the heavy morning mists. No. 134, *Group—Genoa*. A large painting of several asses, a bull, mule, &c., clustered

under an arch. It would be a repetition of phrases to say how beautiful they are in painting, but we will call attention to the head of the mule. To No. 588, the same amount of praise may be given. *The Last run of the Season*; a fox leaving earth; the texture of his hide of course is wonderful, so is the character of his head and that of the action, what can we say more? But, of No. 157 we can speak at large. *Titania and Bottom—Fairies attending*. The imperially graceful nature of the Queen of the Fairies is admirably shown in the attitude and face of *TITANIA*, which last expresses the love-languor of her absurd dream exquisitely. She leans with a confident ease against the most complacent *BOTTOM*, who is holding out his huge hand to handle a Fairy. The head of *TITANIA* is decorated with a diadem of leaves and glow-worms. Some fairies, mounted on white rabbits, add a wonderful quaintness to the whole. There is a tenderness, delicacy and grace about the whole of this picture, which makes it quite a focus of attraction. No. 355, *A Highlander in a Snow Storm* holding an Eagle he has just shot, and No. 369, *Lassie*—exhibit the opposite characters of Highland summer and winter. The latter picture has an exquisite background.

Having now noticed all the works of the Royal Academicians, historical painters, we will close the article for this number with stating that there are many works by men out of the Academy which will receive, as they deserve, high praise from the public, and mention the principal subjects which do not come under the above head. Mr. MILLAIS, whose picture of the *Child-Christ*, gave rise to such a vast amount of abuse, and the publication of so much downright rancour in several newspapers last year, sends three works this time. Mr. HOLMAN HUNT sends one, a most marked improvement on his last. Mr. COLLINS, son of the late R.A., has one which attracts great observation. Mr. FORD BROWN, whose little picture of *The Death of Lear*, will be remembered at the Portland Gallery two years ago (then the Free Exhibition), sends a large one of *Chaucer reading the Legend of Custance to Edward III.* Mr. FRITH has two, *Hogarth brought before the Governor of Calais as a Spy*, and *The Gleaner*. Mr. EGG sends *Pepys introduction to Nell Gwynne*, all of which, with others, we shall notice in due course.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

Mr. J. CALLOW exhibits six drawings. No. 3, *Repairing a Vessel in Folkestone Harbour*, is skilful in design and rich in colour. A stormy yet glowing sky tells the tale of a disabled vessel lying on the shelving beach. *Sunset at Sea*, No. 8, suggested by a passage in *Child Harold*, is less successful; the *Willing Seas* are too much like green hills: the subject is not expressed. *Elizabeth Castle, Jersey*, is full of movement, it represents a steam vessel arriving at the pier head in a long ground swell, met by a small boat thoroughly in the water. In the distance stands the castle in sharp relief against a clear and somewhat breezy sky.

Mr. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW's *Victoria Regia*, No. 1, is admirably treated; he has succeeded in copying faithfully the curious veining of the under part of the leaves, and has made an unpicturesque subject highly pleasing. On the third screen we observe three sweet flower pieces of his, No. 280, *Camelias and Azaleas*, is fresh, transparent and tastefully grouped. The *Currents and Flowers*, of No. 275, will be recognised as faithful transcripts of nature.

Mr. BENTLEY is as vigorous as ever. *Sunset on the Thames*, No. 8, is remarkable for its atmospheric effects. A red sunlight struggles through the smoky atmosphere, in which, to an enormous distance, is traced the shadowy outlines of innumerable vessels.

Among several of the productions of Mr. TURNER's pencil, 179 is peculiarly worthy of notice, being composed of few materials, yet presenting an exquisite depiction of a sweet English pastoral scene, the distant hills and corn fields glow beneath the streaming sunlight of a partially clouded sky. There is no attempt at picture-making in this little sketch, and the artist's courage in giving an exact transcript of nature, even in two straight lines of trees, is amply rewarded by the effect produced.

Mr. BRANWHITE's drawings must charm all; he understands the poetry of nature, and never fails to enlist our sympathies. No. 18, *On the East Tyne*, a thoroughly artistic sketch of a thoroughly picturesque spot, depicts a rocky valley, through which an impatient trout-stream tumbles over the moss-grown rocks which impede its course. On the left the eye travels through the shade of overhanging boughs to a distant fall where a fisherman plies his rod, and beyond to one of those wild wooded ravines familiar to all who know the north of Devon. No. 37, *A Scene on the Bath Canal*, delineates one of those bright winter sunsets which cheers and charms the frost-bound landscape. The transparency in reflecting the rose tints of the setting sun is curiously true.

Mr. SMITH, among his many merits, gives striking effects of distance, as seen in his *Filly Bay*, No. 133. *Gibraltar*, No. 173, is a master piece. On the left are sunlit vessels, gliding through the blue and sparkling waves, contrasted on the right by a stately frigate at

anchor, in the grey atmosphere of an impending storm. Its mingled effects of storm and sunshine are extremely beautiful.

Mr. GASTINEAU's *Loch Goil*, No. 110, is full of beauty. In the far distance, richly wooded hills rise perpendicularly from the calm surface of the Loch, a few scattered vessels cast their long shadows in the clear water, disturbed only by the passing water-fowl, which skim its surface; in the foreground a tall rugged rock gives character to the whole. There is much repose and warmth in Mr. GASTINEAU's style. Nothing could be more picturesque than his *Peel Castle*, No. 151. The stately ruin rises from a promontory in shadowy grandeur against a mottled sky; the newly risen sun casts a Claude-like path of light across a wide extent of ocean, and in the foreground a group of fishermen are preparing their nets, while early morning mists still linger on the rocky shores.

D. COX, jun., improves rapidly. No. 57, *On the River Llangry*, is bold and well finished. It represents a wild secluded scene, where mirror-like water in its rocky frame reflects the deep and various hues of the surrounding forest, a place to dream in of a summer's evening. The transparency of the water is admirably given.

In No. 31, *A Scene on the Tay*. Mr. RICHARDSON has displayed much brilliancy of talent; the effect of extent and distance is surprising; from afar is traced the river, winding among heather-tinted hills, until hidden from view by a bold sweep of foreground, where a group of deer-stalkers take their way along a fern and heath-bordered road.

Como, 159, glows with true Italian richness. The eye is first attracted by a group of lazy peasants, with their scattered merchandise, loitering on an arched terrace, overlooking the city and lake, which repose in the brilliancy of a mid-day sun backed by purple and snow-crowned mountains.

If it be not sceptical to say so, we think Mr. PROUT wants his usual force, his drawings strike us as being somewhat chalky; in other respects his merit remains unquestioned. His *Malines*, 61, is a drawing all must covet.

Few architectural pieces could excel Mr. CARL HAGO's *Schoene Brunnen*, No. 189. It is an elaborate subject carefully finished; the figures are tastefully grouped, and the colours well harmonised. Old narrow streets there are, as in reality, refusing to admit the sun's light except on their many pointed gables; towering above eccentric roofs and tall fantastic chimneys, we recognise the spiral towers of St. Sybald's Church. Those who know the spot will acknowledge it to be a faithful transcript.

The Falls of the Drochart, No. 48, by Mr. C. FRIPP, is a spirited sketch from nature; rather too cold, however, to be quite pleasing. The water tints are admirable. *Wetton Bridge*, 183, is excellent; it portrays correctly a rocky valley on a stormy day, enlivened by fitful gleams of sunlight; the greens are fresh and various. *Fall on the Moors above Killin*, is a charming wild bit. A light foaming cataract falls over a steep descent of larch grown rocks clothed here and there with straggling lumps of foliage. It shows us what are the artist's powers. Although a little picture, we must not neglect NANCY RAYNER's *Spangled Bedchamber*, 154, an old oak-panelled room—the light streaming through its oriel windows upon a black polished floor, and the deep crimson draperies of a thoroughly antique bedstead. The perspective and colouring are capital.

In COPLEY FIELDING's *Old Pier, Dover*, No. 210, we see a thoroughly breezy day, such as all watchers will appreciate: the sun struggling through dense masses of inky clouds, lighting the white cliffs and silencing the wave tops, is drawn with considerable power. Mr. C. FIELDING, in his extreme softness and finish, sometimes forgets effect; such, however, is not the case in *Evening*, No. 33, which gives the idea of a day past of intense heat. The scene is picturesque, and the effects artistic. Mr. FIELDING informs us that his *Stonehenge* is true. We believe him, nature does take strange freaks, and this picture represents one of them.

No. 69 is an attractive composition by Mr. F. W. TOPHAM. The centre figure, a pretty fair sun-burnt girl, does not look as if she had come from the drawing room. The old people on the left rejoicing over the cherished portion, attended by two dogs, form a capital group.

Mr. F. MACKENZIE's *Oratory in the Castle, Newcastle-on-Tyne*, No. 120, is a good piece of Norman architecture—perfect stone and perfect perspective—in the corresponding drawing of a dungeon in the same castle the effect of a stream of light from the entrance is admirably given.

We conclude with Mr. HUNT's mossy banks, birds' nests and primroses. He seems to have discovered nature's method of colouring, and on his own subjects monopolises the secret.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

Our attention having been directed to its elder sister, we must reserve for another number a full account of this Gallery. We can only notice now a few that most attracted our attention.

T. S. ROBINS is still improving in his waves and shores: the former being the truest water we have seen. His *Rochester Shrimpers*, 43, is delicious, and his *Barking Fishing Boat*, 29, lives upon the tide. He is not second to any marine painter of our day.

CHARLES DAVIDSON exhibits many of his inimitable bits of English scenery.—His meadows, really green; his trees, really composed of branches and leaves, with bits of light peeping through them; his solemn shadows, and his joyous sunshines. We look upon DAVIDSON as the truest of all our landscape painters. *The Green Lane, Reigate*, 63, is a miracle, and the adjoining *Cornfield*, 64, is nature herself—not merely a copy. The spirit of the country is in these extraordinary productions. Where all are so excellent, we need not particularize. We recommend the reader to look attentively at every work to which his name is attached.

L. HAGHE also is very great. In our opinion he is quite equal to PROUT;—often superior. *The Church of St. Gomar*, 43, is carefully coloured and most effective in its lights. Others we shall notice hereafter.

A Pond at the Farm, 147, by HARRISON WEIR, exhibits the results of continued study. There is a manifest improvement over former productions, and there are no works in the room more abundant of promise than those of Mr. WEIR.

Mr. ANGELO HAYES, also, in his *Italy of the Squadron*, 157, has produced a drawing which displays the powers of water colour in bold and original hands. It is one of the most effective and striking pictures in the gallery.

We shall resume our notice in the next number.

THE SKETCHING SOCIETY.

MR. HOGARTH's first floor has again been chosen by the "Sketching Society" for the exhibition of their works, which are more numerous than last year, amounting to between 300 and 400 specimens. By the rules of the society, which comprises some of the first artists of the day, the president of each sitting proposes a subject, and the sketches made in illustration of it must be completed before the sitting is over. The result of the arrangement is, that several sketches have one subject in common, while the treatment is as different as possible, and we are shown, in an agreeable manner, the direction which the invention of our various artists takes when an idea is first presented to them. Their proficiency in details is, of course, little exercised on productions where rapidity of execution is a chief requisite, but the immediate step from the mind to the hand is brought nearer to the spectator than in more finished works.

THE PRE-RAFFAELLITES.

WE have received the following remarks upon our criticism on the pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy by Messrs. MILLAIS and HUNT, from Mr. RUSKIN, the author of many well-known works on art:—

"Sir,—Your usual liberality will, I trust, give a place in your columns to this expression of my regret that the tone of the critique which appeared in *The Times* of Wednesday last on the works of Mr. Millais and Mr. Hunt, now in the Royal Academy, should have been scornful as well as severe.

"I regret it, first, because the more labour bestowed on those works, and their fidelity to a certain order of truth (labour and fidelity which are altogether indispensable) ought at once to have placed them above the level of mere contempt; and, secondly, because I believe these young artists to be at a most critical period of their career—at a turning point, from which they may either sink into nothingness or rise to very real greatness; and I believe also, that whether they choose the upward or downward path may in no small degree depend upon the character of the criticism which their works have to sustain. I do not wish in any way to dispute or invalidate the general truth of your critique on the Royal Academy; nor am I surprised at the estimate which the writer formed of the pictures in question when rapidly compared with works of totally different style and aim; nay, when I first saw the chief picture by Millais in the Exhibition of last year, I had nearly come to the same conclusions myself. But I ask your permission, in justice to artists who have at least given much time and toil to their pictures, to institute some more serious inquiry into their merits and faults than your general notice of the Academy could possibly have admitted.

"Let me state, in the first place, that I have no acquaintance with any of these artists, and very imperfect sympathy with them. No one who has met with any of my writings will suspect me of desiring to encourage them in their Romanist and Tractarian tendencies. I am glad to see that Mr. Millais's lady in blue is heartily tired of her painted window and idolatrous toilet-table, and I have no particular respect for Mr. Collins's lady in white, because her sympathies are limited by a dead wall, or divided between some gold fish and a tadpole (the latter Mr. Collins may, perhaps, permit me to suggest *en passant*, as he is already half a frog, is rather too small for his age.) But I happen to have a special acquaintance with the water plant, *Alisma Plantago*, among which the said

gold fish are swimming; and, as I never saw it so thoroughly or so well drawn, I must take leave to remonstrate with you when you say sweepingly, that these men 'sacrifice truth as well or feeling to eccentricity.' For as a mere botanical study of the water lily and *Alisma*, as well as of the common lily and several other garden flowers, this picture would be invaluable to me, and I heartily wish it were mine.

"But, before entering into such particulars, let me correct an impression which your article is likely to induce in most minds, and which is altogether false. These pre-Raphaelites (I cannot compliment them on common sense in choice of a *nom de guerre*) do not desire nor pretend in any way to imitate antique painting as such. They know little of ancient paintings who suppose the works of these young artists to resemble them. As far as I can judge of their aim—for, as I said, I do not know the men themselves—the pre-Raphaelites intend to surrender no advantage which the knowledge or inventions of the present time can afford to their art. They intend to return to early days in this one point only—that, as far as in them lies, they will draw either what they see, or what they suppose might have been the actual facts of the scene they desire to represent, irrespective of any conventional rules of picture making; and they have chosen their unfortunate, though not inaccurate, name because all artists did this before Raphael's time, and after Raphael's time did not this, but sought to paint fair pictures, rather than represent stern facts, of which the consequence has been that from Raphael's time to this day historical art has been in acknowledged decadence.

"Now, Sir, presupposing that the intention of these men was to return to archaic art, instead of to archaic honesty, your critic borrows Fuseli's expression respecting ancient draperies—'snapped instead of folded,' and asserts that in these pictures there is a 'servile imitation of false perspective,' to which I have just this to answer:

"That there is not one single error in perspective in four out of the five pictures in question, and that in Millais' 'Mariana' there is but this one—that the top of the green curtain in the distant window has too low a vanishing point; and that I will undertake, if need be, to point out and prove a dozen worse errors in perspective in any twelve pictures containing architecture, taken at random from among the works of the most popular painters of the day.

"Secondly: that, putting aside the small Mulready and the works of Thorburn and Sir W. Ross, and perhaps some others of those in the miniature room which I have not examined, there is not a single study of drapery in the whole Academy, be it in large works or small, which for perfect truth, power and finish, could be compared for an instant with the black sleeves of the Julia, or with the velvet on the breast and the chain mail of the Valentine of Mr. Hunt's picture; or with the white draperies on the table in Mr. Millais' 'Mariana,' and of the right hand figure in the same painter's 'Dove returning to the Ark.'

"And further: that as studies both of drapery and of every minor detail, there has been nothing in art so earnest or so complete as these pictures since the days of Albert Durer. This I assert generally and fearlessly. On the other hand, I am perfectly ready to admit that Mr. Hunt's 'Silvia' is not a person whom Proteus or anyone else would have been likely to have fallen in love with at first sight; and that one cannot feel any very sincere delight that Mr. Millais' 'Wives of the Sons of Noah' should have escaped the Deluge; with many other faults besides on which I will not enlarge at present, because I have already occupied too much of your valuable space, and I hope to be permitted to enter into more special criticism in a future letter.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"THE AUTHOR OF 'MODERN PAINTERS.'"

"Denmark-hill, May 9."

Talk of the Studios.

A STRIP is making among the British sculptors exhibiting at the Crystal Palace to get up a banquet in honour of their foreign brethren who are there to compete against them.—The colossal equestrian statue of Frederick the Great will be fixed on its pedestal, in the Linden, in Berlin, opposite the Prince of Prussia's palace, on the 31st of May.—The celebrated collection of pictures at Castle Howard, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle, will be immediately brought to London to be exhibited by permission of its noble proprietor at the Gallery of the British Institution during the ensuing summer months.—The anniversary dinner of the members and supporters of the Artists' Benevolent Fund took place on Saturday last at the Freemasons' Tavern. The fund was established in 1810, and in 1827 received from George IV., its patron, a Royal charter of incorporation. It consists of two separate branches—an annuity fund, and a benevolent fund, for the relief of the widows and orphans of deceased members.—Mr. David Roberts has received Her Majesty's command to paint, on a small scale, a picture recording the incident in the Royal Progress through the transept of the Crystal Palace on the day of its inauguration.—Amongst the myriad prints, of all sizes and descriptions, representing the Glass Palace is a very beautiful specimen of Mr. Baxter's process of printing in oil colours, which shows the building and its

animated surroundings since the Exhibition opened.

—The Marquis of Westminster stated at the Royal Academy dinner that his gallery was opened every Thursday to those who desired to view it; and Mr. C. Greville informs the public, in a letter to the Editor of *The Times*, that his brother-in-law, the Earl of Ellesmere, being anxious that foreigners and others should have an opportunity of seeing his renowned collection of paintings, has directed the unfinished gallery and adjoining rooms of Bridgewater House to be temporarily arranged for the purpose.—A Marseilles newspaper announces, that at a sale which took place a few days ago at a gentleman's château at Nerthe, near Orange, a "Holy Family" was knocked down to a country curé for 14*l.*; and that this painting has since been proved to be a *bona fide* Raphael of the value of 4000*l.*—The sale of pictures, statues, and objects of art belonging to the collections of the late King Louis Philippe, commenced on Monday at the sale-rooms in the rue des Jéneurs. During the time they were open to public view the rooms were crowded, and at the sale, both on Monday and Tuesday, the biddings were very animated.—A very pleasant correspondence appears in *The Times*, published by the American Commissioner to the Exhibition, as illustrating the excellent feeling that has grown out of this gathering of all nations and presides over the execution of its objects. It appears, that the Secretary of the United States division, acting in such a feeling for himself and relying on it in others, ventured to write to Mr. Grant, the possessor of Mr. Powers's statue "The Greek Slave," requesting its loan as a portion of the United States' Exhibition. "A young nation," he says, "engaged almost exclusively in that which develops the physical and harder mental qualities of the race, the United States do not bring their fair portion of the finished and the beautiful to this exposition of the world's industrial progress. In Powers, long as he has been absent from his home, every countryman of his feels a national pride, and there will probably not be an American here this summer who would not look upon this *chef-d'œuvre* of our nation's sculptor with unwonted satisfaction." The right feeling which encouraged this request met with the echo it deserved. In acceding at once to the demand, Mr. Grant says—"I feel that I am only contributing my mite in carrying out the wish of the originators of this undertaking; which is, that the hand of friendship and good fellowship should be extended to all who have accepted the invitation that England has sent forth for an honourable competition in the products of the world's best industry. Notwithstanding the variety of opinions entertained as to the possible results of this great undertaking, I have from the first considered it the noblest and most enlightened effort which has ever been attempted for uniting the interests of mankind, and cementing that bond of union which ought to exist between all God's creatures throughout the habitable globe."—The banquet of the Royal Academy, at the opening of the season exhibition last Saturday week, was productive of a speech from Prince Albert, who said—"The production of all works in art or poetry requires, in their conception or execution, not only an exercise of the intellect, skill, and patience, but particularly a concurrent warmth of feeling, and a free flow of imagination. This renders them most tender plants, which will thrive only in an atmosphere calculated to maintain that warmth, and that atmosphere is one of kindness—kindness toward the artist personally, as well as towards his productions. An unkind word of criticism passes like a cold blast over their tender shoots, and shrinks them up, checking the flow of the sap which was rising to produce, perhaps, multitudes of flowers and fruit. But still criticism is absolutely necessary to the development of art, and the injudicious praise of an inferior work becomes an insult to superior genius. In this respect our times are peculiarly unfavourable when compared with those when Madonnas were painted in the seclusion of convents; for we have now, on the one hand, the eager competition of a vast array of artists of every degree of talent and skill, and, on the other, as judge, a great public, for the greater part wholly uneducated in art; and this, led by professional writers, who often strive to impress the public with a great idea of their own artistic knowledge, by the merciless manner in which they treat works which cost those who produced them the highest effort of mind and feeling. The works of art, by being publicly exhibited and offered for sale, are becoming articles of trade, following as such the unreasoning laws of markets and fashion, and public, and even private, patronage is swayed by their tyrannical influence. It is, then, to an institution like this, gentlemen, that we must look for a counterpoise to these evils. Here young artists are educated and taught the mysteries of their profession; those who have distinguished themselves, and given proof of their talent and power, receive a badge of acknowledgment from their professional brethren, by being elected associates of the Academy, and are at last, after long toil and continued exertion, received into a select aristocracy of a limited number, and shielded in any future struggle by their well-established reputation, of which the letters 'R.A.' attached to their names, give a pledge to the public. If this body is often assailed from without, it shares only the fate of every aristocracy; if more than another, this only proves that it is even more difficult to sustain an aristocracy of merit than one of birth or wealth, and may serve as an useful check upon yourselves, when tempted at your elections to let personal

predilections compete with real merit. Of one thing, however, you may rest assured, and that is the continued favour of the Crown. The same feelings which actuated George III. in founding this institution still actuate the Crown in continuing to it its patronage and support, recognizing in you a constitutional link, as it were, between the crown itself and the artistic body. And when I look at the assemblage of guests at this table, I may infer that the Crown does not stand alone in this respect, but that those feelings are shared also by the great and noble in the land. May the Academy long flourish, and continue its career of usefulness."

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

NEW PIECES.

Her Majesty's Theatre. *Le Tre Nozze*. Opera, by ALARI.
Drury Lane *Good Queen Bess*. Pantomime (revival.)
Haymarket *Retired from Business*. Comedy.
Olympic *The Ladies' Battle*. Vaudeville.

DONIZETTI's ever charming opera, *La Figlia del Regimento* was played, for the first time this season, at HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on Saturday the 3rd of May, and Madame SONTAG more fascinating (if possible) than ever, has added one more to her numerous triumphs. As was the case with her famous predecessor, in the part of *Maria*, one does not know which to admire the most, her wonderful singing, or her beautiful acting, both are perfect, so much so that were a deaf and a blind man to see and hear her, I am confident both would be equally charmed. Joy and grief are at Madame SONTAG's entire command; what can be more joyous than the lively *Rateplace*, or more touching than the farewell at the end of the first act. If any one part of her acting and singing can be said to be better than another, it is the music lesson in the second act. Most of my readers will remember the great LIND in this scene, and I can assure them that Madame SONTAG does not lose by comparison. If a choir of larks and nightingales could be trained to sing in unison, they might equal but not surpass, the exquisite melody of this great artist's singing. The cast was as usual: GARDONI was in capital voice, and seems to have picked up strength since last season. *Corporal Sulpice* is one of F. LABLACHE's best performances, his acting and singing have both improved considerably. The success which ALARI's opera of *Le Tre Nozze* met with at Paris, has induced the management to give it a trial before an English audience. It is one of those essentially French operas of the present day, light, animated, and, if I may be allowed the expression as regards an opera—*dansant*. There is nothing of any pretension or grandeur attempted; the music is light, elegant, and pleasing, and improves greatly on a second hearing, indeed, the first night is no criterion in any case, and the illness of Signor LABLACHE on the first appearance of the *Tre Nozze*, laid it open to more severe criticism than it now merits; several of the airs were left out, and many more clipped of their fair proportions. It would be absurd to criticise the libretto of an Italian opera buffo; there is a degree of tolerance always accorded, and generally required in favour of compositions of this class. The plot of *Le Tre Nozze*, as far as I could glean, is as follows:—A connected provincial Barrone (Signor LABLACHE) is invited to Naples by a certain Countess (Middle. BERTRAND) for the purpose of espousing her daughter Laura (Madam SONTAG) who, as a matter of course, has given her heart to a handsome cavalier (Signor GARDONI), whose companion or follower, the *Scapigli* of the opera (admirably acted and sung by Signor FERRANTI, a debutant in England, of whom more anon) is in love with Laura's waiting maid, *Vespina* (Madam GUILLANT.) The abigail and her mistress meet the Baron at a fair, on his arrival at Naples, and in the character of Gipsies fortell all manner of misfortunes if he persists in the object of his journey; here is one of the nicest *morceaux* in the opera, a *terzetto* between LABLACHE, SONTAG, and GUILLANT. (*Negle astri sapiam leggerè*.) The Baron is not to be frightened from his purpose, and proceeds to the mansion of his intended mother-in-law. Here he has to submit to be taught all the accomplishments of a man of fashion and refinement, heretofore quite strange to him, nothing can be more pleasing than his lesson in English (my pretty love I die for you) or more irresistible than his lesson in the Polka (a terrible anachronism by the bye.) The whole house shook—with laughter. The contract is now about to be signed, and fresh difficulties await the unfortunate lover; he is insulted by his rival and challenged to fight, and astonished by the appearance of a veiled lady in black, who is no other than *Vespina*, who accuses him of certain gallantries which must preclude the possibility of his being married. This brings us to the end of the second act. In the third there is a beautiful romanza (*Cara divina imagine*) and a lovely duet between SONTAG and GARDONI, which I have no doubt will become extremely popular. The unfortunate Baron is inveigled into the gardens to meet (as he supposes) his Laura, and is surprised by the household with his intended mother-in-law, in the dark. To prevent scandal he is obliged to marry her; Laura

is blessed with the husband of her choice; the two confidants make the third couple, and the opera concludes with a very beautiful *sestet* (*qual mia notte*) and a brilliant finale (*giu nella mente tace*) given with a wonderful power of vocalisation and sweetness by SONTAG, who throughout the whole opera, sings with that delicious taste and refinement, in which she stands alone on the Italian stage. GARDONI sung with his accustomed sweetness, and Signor FERANTE the debutant is, in my opinion, decidedly the best buffo actor that we have this season, his voice is round, clear, and distinct, and his acting more than usually refined and intelligent; he will doubtless become a high favourite. Mlle. IDA BERTRAND sung with great spirit and ability, as also did Madam GUILIANI. LABLACHE's light comedy is irresistible, in the dancing scene he is wonderfully amusing. The opera is decidedly a success and improves considerably on acquaintance.

At DRURY-LANE, the great feature is the engagement of Miss R. HORTON, who is now playing *Azazel*, and singing part of the music, and Mr. RANGER, who has appeared as *Sir Peter Teazle*, in the *School for Scandal*. These excellent performers are too well known to need comment on their acting. The pantomime of *Good Queen Bess*, is one of the best of late years, and no doubt will greatly amuse our foreign visitors, to whom this species of amusement will be new. It is played alternate nights with *Azazel*, of which the second act cannot be seen too often.

Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD has gained a high place in the dramatic literature of this country, so destitute (as some people will maintain) of talent of the kind. The only thing wanting to make his plays and comedies perfect is plot and situations. Though possessed of the power to draw true and living characters, and place in their mouths a dialogue, sparkling with epigram, neatness and wit, Mr. JERROLD generally fails in weaving a story which is capable of enlisting the sympathy or exciting the imagination of his audience, in short, he lacks the skill of the playwright, but fully compensates for it by the elegance and wit of his writing. His new comedy, which appeared at the HAYMARKET on Saturday, May 3rd, is a complete success. Like the work of a skilful painter, his materials each gain effect by contrast—the light is made lighter by the shade, and *vice versa*. Mr. WEBSTER's *Captain Gun* is a very finished performance, and Mr. J. WALLACK (who, I regret to say, is extremely ill, and in consequence of whose total inability to appear, the Theatre was closed on Friday) was perfect in the honest true-hearted lieutenant; the part is now very excellently played by Mr. STEWART. The several retired retailers and wholesalers, *Mr. Creep-mouse*, the ex-army-tailor (Mr. BUCKSTONE); *Mr. Pennyweight*, the green-grocer (Mr. LAMBERT); the pompous *Russian Merchant* (Mr. ROGERS), and the retired *Pawnbroker* (Mr. SELBY), are all mixed up in intrigue and difficulties, very much to their mutual disgust, and amusement of the audience. Miss REYNOLDS (in my opinion the best actress on our stage, best! inasmuch as she is perfect in whatever she has attempted, from the waiting-maid in a burlesque to the heroines of SHAKESPEARE), imbued the character of *Amy* with all the quiet affection, honest pride, and noble gentleness of that perfection of womanhood, a daughter of England: more cannot be said of her acting than this—it is REAL. The tenor of the lesson contained in this wise play may be gleaned from the following, which is the concluding speech of the play:—

"*Puffius*. But, Mr. Pennyweight, I trust you are in every sense—I say in every sense—once and for ever retired from business?"

"Gunn. No."

"All. No?"

"Gunn. No. In every sense, who is? Life has its duties ever; none wiser, better than a manly disregard for false distinctions, made by ignorance, and maintained by weakness. Resting from the activities of life, we have yet our daily task—the interchange of simple thoughts, and gentle doings. When, following those already passed, we rest beneath the shadow of yon distant spire—then, and then only, may it be said of us,—“Retired from Business.”

The moral of this speaks for itself. The play is eminently successful.

There is nothing new at the LYCEUM, PRINCESS'S, or ADELPHI. PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE is well worth a visit.

A translation of the *Bataille de Dames* has been produced at the OLYMPIC under the title of *The Ladies' Battle*, now being performed by the French company at the St. James's Theatre. It is very carefully and neatly translated, keeping close to the text of the original, and including many extraneous witticisms, to make it the more palatable to an English audience. It must be acknowledged that it was rather a rash step to produce the translation while the original was playing, but the dialogue is so neat, and the greater part of the acting so good, that taking into consideration that the French corps are great people in their own country, and the Olympians, though very good, are not the best company in London, it must be acknowledged that they come near enough to their rivals to make a comparison weigh rather in their favour than otherwise. Mrs. STIRLING as the *Countess* is excellent, and it is in this style of character that this excellent actress excels. I have seldom seen Mr. W. FARREN, jun., to so much advantage as in this piece; he is rapidly improving.

Mr. H. FARREN, in performing the part of a *Prefect of Police*, departs from that time-honoured convention which insists on all French officers, on the stage, being so painfully polite and amicable. Those who have had the misfortune to travel much, know to their cost, that the French officer on the English stage, and the real official at a barrier, are two very different animals. Mr. H. FARREN takes the bluff side, and carries out his idea perfectly. The whole of the acting is capital, and that of Mr. LEIGH MURRAY especially; and when Miss LOUISA HOWARD has sufficiently recovered from her indisposition to take her part up again, I should recommend the theatrical-loving community to pay the Olympic a visit. Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON's play of *Money* was performed on Monday, the 5th instant, for the benefit of Mr. LEIGH MURRAY, who rendered the difficult part of *Ecelyn* like an actor and a gentleman. Mr. G. COOK's *Stingy Jack* is a very clever performance. I am informed that my remarks in my last, on Mr. FARREN, senior, have offended. For that once excellent actor (off the stage), I have the highest respect and admiration, both from what I have heard before my playgoing days, and from what I myself have seen in past years; but as a critic writing in a journal, in which all moderate opinions are tolerated, and in which truth and impartiality of criticism are particularly courted, I felt it to be my duty to point out a fact, which was too apparent to be concealed. If, in noticing a play, our opinions were to be guided by "will this be displeasing to A., or how will B. take this?" we should sink into mere advertisers, and bring ourselves into the same level with the poet of Moses, or some other time-serving worthy. Our duty lies between ourselves and the public, not the thing, or person, criticised. I write to the best of my judgment, and if I am wrong, my punishment will be that readers will turn over the theatrical portion of *The Critic* with a "pish," this man knows nothing of what he pretends to judge. If, on the contrary, I am correct in my remarks, I shall win their confidence, and that is all I wish for, and they may be certain that no personal inconvenience shall have the least effect in debarring me from writing what I, to the best of my belief, consider true or just. Truth is far more unpleasant than fiction, but that is no reason for concealing a truth from the many, because it is disagreeable to one. If I have hurt Mr. FARREN's feelings I am exceedingly sorry, but at the same time I must reiterate my former observation, and qualify my regret by saying that it only extends to him in his private capacity, as a worthy and excellent man, but not as an actor.

Don Giovanni will be performed at HER MAJESTY'S, on Thursday next; the cast will include SONTAG, FLORENTINI, GUILIANI, LABLACHE, GORDON and CALZOLARI. LOIGNETTE.

CREMORNE GARDENS.—A large outlay of money and vast alterations have been made here since last season. In anticipation of a great influx of the dancing population of all countries, what the proprietor terms a giant platform has been laid down, where 2,000 persons may waltz or polka together, in the open air, with convenience. The French people, who enjoy their holidays at a *ducasse*, in uneven orchards, will be able fully to appreciate this great Terpsichorean improvement. The gardens opened on Thursday, the 1st instant, for a fête in honour of the grand National Exhibition, with a variety of entertainments, including a balloon ascent by Mr. Hampton, a gentleman who has already made many most successful descents in a parachute.

NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND MUSICIANS.

MR. DOWTON, THE COMEDIAN.

THIS inimitable actor has at length "shuffled off this mortal coil." The following brief memoir of his theatrical career may not be uninteresting to our readers:—Mr. Dowton, who undoubtedly in some characters was without a rival, was born at Exeter in 1763; consequently he was in his 88th year. At the age of sixteen he was articled to an architect, but having performed *Carlos* in the *Revenge* at a private theatre with good success, he was induced to relinquish building substantial castles to erect certain ones in the air, and joined a strolling company at Ashburton. He was subsequently engaged by Mr. Hughes, manager of the Plymouth Theatre. "D. G.," the critic of Cumberland's edition of plays, states that Dowton, after having made the ubiquitous grand tour, returned to Exeter and performed *Macbeth*, *Romeo*, and the usual round of first-rate tragic characters, for, like some of our capital comedians, his original addresses were paid to Melpomene. It is but just to state that in these representations he evinced much good sense and feeling, and if he rose not to pre-eminence he descended not to mediocrity. *Sheva*, in Cumberland's comedy of *The Jew*, had long been a favourite part of Bannister's—Elliston had also marked it for his own—Mr. Dowton stepped into the field, and without taking the laurel from either honourably shared it with both. His first appearance at Drury-lane was on the 10th of October, 1796, in this difficult character. He was hailed as a genuine actor, and crowned with applause. In 1805 he was engaged at the Haymarket Theatre, and on the 15th of August in that year he revived for his benefit the warm weather

tragedy of *The Tailors*, which produced that memorable *fracas* between the "dungs," and the "flints," and ended in the committal of three dozen and odd, and one rebellious carver and gilder, to the watch-house. The principal rôles in the burlesque were sustained by Dowton, Mathews, Liston, and Mrs. Gibbs, as *Francisco*, *Abrahamides*, *Zachariades*, and *Tittilinda*. The great success of *Tom Thumb*, in which Mr. Dowton played *King Arthur* very humorously, stimulated him to this attempt. His two principal Shakspearian characters were *Sir John Falstaff* and *Dogberry*. As *Dr. Cantwell* in the *Hypocrite* he was inimitable. His other best parts were *Sir Anthony Absolute* and *Major Sturgeon*. With the proceeds of his farewell benefit at Her Majesty's Theatre a few years since, an annuity was purchased, on which he lived to a "fine green old age," happy in the bosom of his family and a large circle of professional and private friends.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE Academy of Sciences in Paris has elected our countryman Mr. Hind to fill the vacancy in its list of corresponding members (section astronomy) occasioned by the death of Herr Schumacher, and Herr Angeler, of Bonn, to replace the late Mr. Dunlop in the same section of correspondents.

Dr. Beke has been making long explorations on the Egyptian side of Africa. He expects that the missionary efforts for that part of Africa will have their centre in the region of *Uniamet*, or "of the moon." Among these mountains Dr. Beke saw a volcano in an active state. In the same region he found there was a vast lake named *Usambiro*. Some of the mountain peaks are above the snow line, glittering in perpetual whiteness.—*Philadelphia Colonization Herald*.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.—At a late sitting of the Académie des Sciences, M. Arago read a paper on the total eclipse of the sun, as observed, on the 8th August last, at Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands; and made suggestions as to what shall be done by astronomers to complete those observations, in the total eclipse which is to take place on the 28th July next. He particularly recommends that attention shall be paid to the number of luminous or obscure rays, their direction, and the manner in which they terminate in the luminous crown which surrounds the moon; also to the coloured protuberances on the moon, which were at one time taken for the reflected mountains in the sun, but which it now appears were not so.

A curious meteorological phenomenon has just taken at Lardabourg, in Calabria. A luminous meteor was perceived to fall on a barn, which set it on fire. Professor Tosti, who has given an account of the matter, mentions that this is only the second time that such an event has been known to take place. The other case occurred on the 13th of June, 1759, at Captieux, near Bazas, in France. The meteor there also set fire to a barn, in which a beggar had taken refuge. He was arrested under a charge of incendiarism, and taken to Bordeaux. He declared in the most solemn manner that he was innocent, but he would, notwithstanding, have been certainly condemned had not the Abbé Nollet, then celebrated as a natural philosopher, examined the premises, and having found among the rubbish the aërolite that had fallen, exerted himself in favour of the poor man, and got him acquitted. The phenomenon mentioned by Professor Tosti was witnessed by several persons.

Meetings of Scientific Societies.

ROYAL.—May 1.—The Earl of Rosse, president, in the chair.—A paper was read giving an account of two cases of phenomenon in the human female subject discovered after death, by Dr. Letheby.—The following candidates were announced as having been selected by the council for recommendation to the society for election:—C. C. Babington, Esq., T. S. Beck, Esq., M.D., C. J. F. Bunbury, Esq., G. T. Dox, Esq., E. B. Eastwick, Esq., Captain C. M. Elliott, Captain R. FitzRoy, R.N., J. R. Hind, Esq., A. W. Hofmann, Esq., T. H. Huxley, Esq., W. E. Logan, Esq., J. Paget, Esq., G. G. Stokes, Esq., W. Thomson, Esq., and A. V. Waller, M.D.—The president stated that his soirées for this season would take place on May 3, 17, and 31, and June 14.

GEOLOGICAL.—April 30.—W. Hopkins, Esq., president, in the chair.—J. E. Huthins, Esq., was elected a fellow.—The following communications were read:—"Notice of the Occurrence of an Earthquake at Carthage."—"On Impressions of Rain-Drops in Recent, Triassic, and Carboniferous Deposits," by Sir C. Lyell.—"On the Track of an Animal in the Potsdam Sandstone of Canada," by W. E. Logan, Esq., and Professor Owen.—Mr. Owen placed before the society a slab of sandstone, showing footprints on one of its surfaces; and plaster-casts from a larger surface of a similar description. Mr. Logan described the slabs as belonging to a very ancient formation,—indeed, to the very lowest rock (Potsdam Sandstone) that in America gives signs of created beings. They were quarried at the village of Beauharnois, on the south side of the St. Lawrence, about twenty miles above Montreal. Professor Owen, in describing the footprints, which, on the slabs, form a track of twelve feet in length, traceable in the quarry

for a much greater distance, observed, that the foot-prints are in pairs, recurring at short, regular intervals, and extending in two parallel series, with a broad, shallow furrow exactly midway between the right and left series. The Professor remarked that the shape of the body and nature of the limbs, indicated by the foot-prints, accord best with those of the Chelonian reptiles of the *freshwater* or *land* families, and that the median groove may have been scooped out of the soft sand by the hard prominent median surface of the plastron; and came to the conclusion that, probably, the tracks are referable to an estuary Emydian Tortoise.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—April 24. *General Anniversary Meeting.*—The Rev. Dr. Spry, V.P. in the chair.—The following was the result of the ballot for the council and officers of the society for the ensuing year:—*President*, The Earl of Carlisle; *Vice-Presidents*, The Duke of Rutland, the Earl of Clare, the Earl of Ripon, the Bishop of St. David's, Lord Colborne, Sir J. Boileau, H. Hallam, Esq., W. R. Hamilton, Esq., W. M. Leake, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Spry; *Council*, Lord Londesborough, B. Austen, Esq., S. Birch, Esq., B. Botfield, Esq., the Rev. R. Cattermole, P. Colquhoun, Esq., Sir J. Dorant, M.D., J. Hogg, Esq., W. Jerdan, Esq., H. S. Kyle, Esq., Colonel Mure, Colonel Rawlinson, J. G. Teed, Esq., W. Tooke, Esq., W. S. Vaux, Esq., and J. C. Wray, Esq.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—April 28. —Mr. J. H. Stevens read "An Account of a System of Smoke Conduction and Ventilation adopted at Osmaston Manor, near Derby."—The house in question cost 50,000*l.* or 60,000*l.*, and is entirely without chimneys, the smoke being conveyed downwards by flues in the walls, to a larger horizontal flue, which conveys it to a shaft 150 feet high in the kitchen garden, at a considerable distance from the mansion. At the bottom of this shaft, a furnace creates a draught, which effectually removes the whole of the smoke. A tower is provided at one end of the building for a constant supply of fresh air, which is warmed by a hot-water apparatus, and thence conducted to every room of the house. The cost of these contrivances has amounted to about 5,000*l.*; but Mr. Stevens stated that they had been carried out on a more complete and extensive scale than was necessary, and that the application of the same system to the Bath Gaol had added only 5 per cent. to the cost of the building.

CHEMICAL.—April 7.—Dr. Daubeny, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—"On the Composition of the Waters of the Dee and Don at Aberdeen, with an Investigation into the Action of Dee Water on Lead Pipes and Cisterns," by J. Smith, M.D.—"On a Peculiar Property of Ether and some Essential Oils," by Dr. C. F. Schonbein. The property referred to by the author is similar to that which phosphorus has been long known to possess, when put, under certain circumstances, in contact with pure oxygen, or with atmospheric air, of developing a highly oxidizing agent, which has been called ozone.

INSTITUTE OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—April 29.—W. Cubitt, Esq., president, in the chair.—Previous to the ordinary meeting, Mr. Joseph Whitworth exhibited a new measuring machine, for determining minute differences of length.—The paper read was "On the Demonstration of the Rotation of the Earth by means of Two Pendulums," by Mr. Homersham Cox. The demonstration of the rotation of the earth was usually made to depend on phenomena presented by the appearance of the heavens. Two mechanical experiments had, however, long been known, which demonstrated the fact that the earth revolved: the one, the retardation of the pendulum by centrifugal force, a question discussed by Newton, Huygens, and others; the other, which was suggested by Newton, consisted in dropping, from a great height, a ball, which, by the diurnal motion, was moved somewhat to the eastward. The experiment had hitherto been performed with *one* pendulum; but, in the present instance, *two* pendulums were used, and were suspended at a sufficient distance apart to allow of the free vibration of each. The weights were held together by a thread, which, on being burned, released them, so that they were set vibrating, initially, in the same vertical plane; consequently, to the eye of an observer situated in that plane, the two pendulum wires appeared co-incidental, one of them covering or eclipsing the other. In a short time, however, the course of the two pendulums visibly altered. As their planes of oscillation appeared to revolve the same way on the earth's surface, the wires no longer covered each other, but appeared to separate and alternately to cross each other. The advantages of this mode of operating were, first, the rapidity with which the deviation of the pendulums was manifested,—for, as their planes revolved in the same apparent direction, their arcs diverged from each other twice as fast as either from its initial position; and, secondly, the apparent crossing and re-crossing of the wires constituted, to the naked eye a much more distinct and palpable test of the result than the apparent motion referred to a plane beneath *one* pendulum.

May 6.—W. Cubitt, Esq., President, in the chair.—The papers read were:—"On a Mode of Computation for excluding Floodwater from a Set of Gaugings of a Stream, taken at regular intervals," by Mr. J. Leslie; and "Results of a Series of Practical Experiments on the Discharge of Water by Overfalls or Weirs," by Mr. T. E. Blackwell.—Messrs. T. Bell, J. Gardner, and J. Kearsley, were elected Associates. It was announced

that the president's annual *Conversazione* would be held on Tuesday evening, May 27.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

1. OF BOOKS, &c.

A NEW work, entitled *From Babylon to Jerusalem*, by the Countess Hahn-Hahn, will excite the deepest interest. It is the history of her conversion, and the abjuration of all her former religious principles;—she is we hear, going into a nunnery.—Messrs. Longmans are publishing a cheap edition of some of the celebrated articles of the *Edinburgh Review*, commencing with Macaulay's *Warren Hastings*, to be followed by the same writer's *Clive*. Also, Wesleyan Methodism, by Isaac Taylor.—Lamartine has issued his long-talked of *Taillleur de Pierre de Saint-Point*—another specimen of his *Village Narratives*.—De Barante, the author of the *History of the Burgundian Dukes*, has completed a work, the title of which raises expectation: *L'Histoire de la Convention Nationale, suivie de la Biographie de la Convention, 1792-1795*.—A copy of the first edition of Cocker's *Arithmetic*, "printed for Thomas Passenger, on London Bridge, 1678," was sold by auction at the rooms of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, on Saturday week, for 8*l.* 10*s.* There is no copy in the British Museum, and the catalogue described this as one of only two extant copies. Dr. Dibdin had never seen any edition printed in the seventeenth century; he mentions the thirty-second as the earliest he had met with.—We stated some weeks since that Mr. Gilbert had offered to give the sum of one hundred guineas to the author of the best essay upon the subject of the way in which any of the articles collected at the Great Exhibition may be rendered specially serviceable to the interests of practical banking. The *Bankers' Magazine* of the present month states that the following persons have consented to act as adjudicators:—P. F. Aiken, Esq., managing director of Stuckey's Banking Company, Bristol; C. Brown, Esq., a director and (the late) manager of the Cumberland Union Bank, Workington; and P. M. James, Esq., a director and the manager of the Manchester and Salford Bank, Manchester.

2. OF LITERARY MEN.

Sir M. Shaw Stewart has presented a park to the town council of Greenock, in trust for the use of the inhabitants.—At a public meeting at the Council-hall, Sheffield, on Thursday week, it was resolved, "That Ebenezer Elliott's long, zealous, and successful advocacy of free trade, and his great genius as a poet, deserve to be publicly acknowledged, by the erection of a monument to his memory." A subscription has accordingly been entered into, and 230*l.* has been already subscribed, chiefly in Sheffield.—On the market-place of Grand-Andelys there is to be a statue of Nicolas Poussin, the painter; and the town of Havre has decided that the same honour shall be conferred on Bernardin de St. Pierre and Casimir Delavigne, both of whom were born within its walls.—On Tuesday and Wednesday se'night a collection of autograph letters was brought to the hammer by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, of Piccadilly. The collection seemed to have been formed without much attention to completeness in any department; but, nevertheless, included some estimable specimens, as the following brief notice will show:—Lot 58. A letter of Robert Burns to Mrs. Maclellan, signed "Sylvander," sold for 3*l.* 10*s.* Lot 59. A letter of Lord Byron, written three days after the death of his natural daughter, "Allegra," and with reference to that event, sold for 3*l.* Some short letters of Charles I. and II., but good specimens of their autographs, averaged about 2*l.* 5*s.* each. Lot 80. The publication of peace, commonly called the "Treaty of Breda," signed by the representatives of the British nation and the States-General, sold for 5*l.* 10*s.* Lot 111. An autograph of Archbishop Cranmer sold for 3*l.* 10*s.* Lot 112. A signature of Oliver Cromwell sold for 2*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* Lot 119. A wardrobe warrant, signed by Edward VI., but not a very desirable specimen, sold for 6*l.* 10*s.* Lot 125. A letter of Queen Elizabeth, from which it would appear that she had invited Henry IV. of France to pay her a visit, was not dear at 5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* Lot 138. A letter of the famous warrior Alexander Farnese, sold for 3*l.* 1*s.* Lot 202. A letter of Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon, cousin-german to Queen Elizabeth, sold for 2*l.* 5*s.*, and a short letter of James II., Lot 210, for the same sum. Lot 238. Physiognomical rules, with pen sketches by the celebrated Lavater, sold for 9*l.* 10*s.* Lot 283. Signature of "bloody" Mary, although damaged, produced 4*l.* 8*s.* Lot 285. A letter of Mary Queen of Scots, sold for 4*l.* 14*s.* Lot 329. A fragment of a letter of Nelson, but containing some characteristic passages, sold for 2*l.* 12*s.* Lot 340. An official letter signed by Queen Catherine Parr, an autograph of great rarity, sold for 10*l.* 10*s.* Lot 375. A diplomatic letter of Rubens, the painter, sold for 5*l.* Lot 390. A capital letter of Percy Bysshe Shelley sold for 2*l.* 6*s.* Lot 400. A letter of the great Turenne sold for 1*l.* 19*s.* Lot 423. A letter of the Duke of Wellington, in which he says, "The fact is, that no individual can do all that is required of the Duke of Wellington," produced 7*s.* Several autographs of William III. ranged from 1*l.* to 14*s.* each. Lot 446. A bill of household expenses signed by Cardinal Wolsey, and also bearing other rare

signatures, sold for 6*l.* 12*s.* At the conclusion of the sale the auctioneer made an announcement that will be received with interest by autograph collectors, namely, that in a few weeks will be offered for sale the important collection of Mons. Donnadien. This collection is well known both here and on the continent. In addition to autographs of the highest rarity in every class, it contains the late Mr. Upcott's collection of English royal autographs.

3.—OF INSTITUTIONS, SOCIETIES, &c.

Everybody is pleased with the Exhibition. Even Colonel Sibthorp's growl is no longer heard, and the nurserymaids and other loungers who found an echo in *The Times* have now lost that medium of complaint. *The Times* is reclaimed, the public are pleased, and there is every chance that the Exhibition will be a self-paying enterprise.—The newspapers announce the conclusion of another treaty for the protection of literary and artistic property—it is between France and Portugal.—The congress of Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish naturalists will meet this year at Stockholm, on the 14th of July.—The Dean and Chapter of Westminster have resolved to open Westminster Abbey to the public without charge. Circulars have been despatched to the choirs of the different cathedrals throughout the country, requesting their attendance. There will be a full choir every Sunday evening.—The Lord Mayor of London has intimated his intention of inviting the principal literary and scientific men and industrial commissioners of this and other countries, assembled in London, to partake of his hospitality at the Mansion House.—The British Museum has been re-opened to the public. The new Assyrian Gallery and a portion of the Library were then opened for the first time to general visitors.

—The Royal Library of Copenhagen is about to receive an accession to its treasures, consisting of about 40,000 printed books, and 400 manuscripts, devised to it by M. Engelstoft, national historiographer, who is lately deceased. With these additions, the printed volumes of the library exceed, it is said, 500,000, and the manuscripts 11,000.—The Royal Museum of Natural History in the same capital has received an important legacy from Lieut.-Col. Sommer, in the shape of several rich collections of specimens in mineralogy and botany, formed during his long voyages in Europe, Asia, and America.—A special meeting of the committee and friends of the Oriental Translation Fund took place on Saturday last, at the Royal Asiatic Society's house, in New Burlington-street, for the purpose of presenting to H. H. Wilson, Esq., Boden Professor of Sanscrit at Oxford, the gold medal of the fund bearing the name of King William the Fourth as its patron. This medal, which had remained unappropriated, was adjudicated to the professor at a meeting of the committee on the 1st of March last.—The Percy society held its anniversary meeting on May 9, at four o'clock, St. Martin's-place, Lord Braybrooke, its president, in the chair, when the following gentlemen were elected on the new council:—Robert Bell, W. H. Black, W. Chappell, W. Durrant Cooper, T. Crofton Croker (treasurer), J. H. Dixon, F. W. Fairholt, W. D. Haggard, J. O. Halliwell (secretary), the Rev. Dr. Hume, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, James Prior, W. Sandys, C. Roach Smith, and Thomas Wright. It was announced that Mr. Wright's new edition of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales* had been completed during the past year by the publication of the third volume; and that one of the publications of the next year will be that of a third and hitherto unknown book of *Brown's Britannia's Pastorals*, the manuscript of which has been recently discovered in one of our cathedral libraries.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

GEOLOGY OF THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.—The geological history of the vegetable, like that of the animal kingdom, has been pressed into the service of the development hypothesis; and certainly their respective courses, both in actual arrangement and in their relation to human knowledge, seem wonderfully alike. It is not much more than twenty years since it was held that no exogenous plant existed during the carboniferous period. The frequent occurrence of conifers in the secondary deposits had been conclusively determined from numerous specimens; but, founding on what seemed a large amount of negative evidence, it was concluded that, previous to the Liassic age, nature had failed to achieve a tree, and that the rich vegetation of the Coal Measures had been exclusively composed of magnificent immaturities of the vegetable kingdom,—of gigantic ferns and club-mosses, that attained to the size of forest-trees, and of thickets of the swamp-loving horsetail family of plants, that well nigh rivalled in height those forests of masts which darken the rivers of our great commercial cities. Such was the view promulgated by M. Adolphe Brongniart; and it may be well to remark that, so far as the evidence on which it was based was positive, the view was sound. It is a fact, that inferior orders of plants were developed in those ages in a style which in their present state of degradation they never exemplify: they took their place, not, as now, among the pigmies and abortions of creation, but among its tallest and goodliest productions. It is, however, not a fact that they were the highest vegetable forms of their time. True,

exogenous trees also existed in great numbers and of vast size. In various localities in the coal-fields of both England and Scotland,—such as Lennel Braes and Allan Bank in Berwickshire, High-Heworth, Fellon, Gateshead, and Wide-open, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and in quarries to the west of the city of Durham,—the most abundant fossils of the system are its true woods. In the quarry of Craigleith, near Edinburgh, three huge trunks have been laid open during the last twenty years within the space of about a hundred and fifty yards, and two equally massy trunks, within half that space, in the neighbouring quarry of Granton,—all low in the Coal Measures. They lie diagonally athwart the strata,—at an angle of about thirty,—with the nether and weightier portion of their boles below, like snags in the Mississippi; and we infer, from their general direction, that the stream to which they reclined must have flowed from nearly north-east to south-west. The current was probably that of a noble river, which reflected on its broad bosom the shadow of many a stately tree. With the exception of one of the Granton specimens, which still retains its strong-kneed roots, they are all mere portions of trees, rounded at both ends, as if by attrition or decay; and yet one of these portions measures about six feet in diameter by sixty-one feet in length; another four feet in diameter by seventy feet in length; and the others of various thickness but all bulky enough to equal the masts of large vessels, range in length from thirty-six to forty-seven feet. It seems strange to one who derives his supply of domestic fuel from the Dalkeith and Falkirk coal-fields, that the Carboniferous flora could ever have been described as devoid of trees. I can scarce take up a piece of coal from beside my study fire without detecting in it fragments of carbonized wood, which almost always exhibit the characteristic longitudinal fibres, and not unfrequently the medullary rays. Even the trap-rocks of the district inclose, in some instances, their masses of lignite, which present in their transverse sections, when cut by the lapidary, the net-like reticulations of the coniferæ. The fossil botanist who devoted himself chiefly to the study of microscopic structure would have to decide, from the facts of the case, not that trees were absent during the carboniferous period, but that, in consequence of their having been present in amazing numbers, their remains had entered more palpably and extensively into the composition of coal than those of any other vegetable. So far as is yet known, they all belonged to the two great divisions of the coniferous family, araucarians and pine. The huge trees of Craigleith and Granton were of the former tribe, and approximate more nearly to *Altingia excelsa*, the Norfolk-Island pine,—a noble araucarian, that rears its proud head from a hundred and sixty to two hundred feet over the soil, and exhibits a green and luxuriant breadth of foliage rare among the coniferæ,—than any other living tree. — *Miller's Footprints of the Creator.*

SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

AN ARAB CHIEF'S NOTION OF AN ENGLISH CHURCH.—(From *Fletcher's Notes from Nineveh*.)—They were dreadfully scandalized at our refusing to acknowledge the authority of the Pope, and one gentleman asked me seriously, and with an air of great concern, whether I ever said my prayers! On one occasion a large party had assembled, among whom was a merchant recently arrived from Aleppo. In the course of conversation he began to attack the English. "The Ingleez," he said, "are a very fierce and intractable nation. They marry many wives, and care very little about Allah, whose name he exalted." I here interrupted the speaker, and asked if, in the course of his travels, he had ever heard of the English Church. "Belli, yes," he answered, "I know the whole history of your church. You must understand," continued he, turning to the rest, "that once there lived in England a great sultan, whose name was Napoleon Bonaparte. This sultan was like unto Antar and Iskander, the Macedonian, and he made many of the kings of Frangistan his footstool. But his heart was lifted up, and he defied Allah in his pride. And Napoleon's wife was old, and she was no longer pleasing in his eye. Then it came to pass that he looked upon a certain fair damsel with the glances of love, and he said "Inshallah, I will divorce my wife and get me this fair one in marriage. Now the Ingleez were all Catholics then, and therefore Napoleon sent a message to our Father the Pope, desiring that he would grant him a divorce. But the Pope reproved Napoleon for his pride and unkind dealing with his wife, at which the Sultan waxed wroth, and said, Surely this Pope is no better than Abou Jahash, even the Father of Stupidity; but, Inshallah, I will make him eat abomination. So he went with many soldiers and besieged Rome, and took the Pope prisoner, and shut him up in a great tower in London, which is the chief city of the Ingleez. But the kings of the Franks all joined together, and made war upon Napoleon Bonaparte, and overcame him. Then their soldiers came to London and set the Pope at liberty. And when the Pope returned to Rome, he cursed Napoleon, and excommunicated him and all the Ingleez. But Napoleon laughed at his beard, and he said, Inshallah, but I will have a church of my own. So he made bishops, and they divorced his wife, and they married him to the beautiful

damsel, after which he founded the English Church." All the assembly were deeply penetrated and impressed with this narrative, which was delivered with great volubility and lively pantomimic action.

NEWSPAPERS.—The number of newspaper stamps issued in 1850 for England and Wales, according to the annual return now published, amounted to 65,741,721 of 1d. and 11,684,423 of 1d. For Scotland the numbers are 7,643,045 of 1d. and 241,264 of 1d.; and for Ireland, 6,302,728 of 1d., and 43,358 of 1d. The number of London newspapers in 1850 was 159, and the number of advertisements 891,650, yielding at the rate of 1s. 6d., an amount of duty equal to 66,873l. 15s. The English provincial newspapers numbered 222, the number of advertisements being 875,631, and the amount of duty 65,672l. 6s. 6d. In Scotland the number of newspapers was 110, the number of advertisements 249,141, and the amount of duty 18,685l. 11s. 6d. The Irish newspapers were 102 in number, and the advertisements published by them 236,128, giving an amount of duty, at the rate of 1s., equal to 11,806l. 8s.

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but dim funeral tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath,
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,—
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus we do walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with rapture wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden in her father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE FUN OF THE TIME.

The mysteries of Puffing, and the adacities of Puffing, have been exposed many a time and oft; the naïvetés of Puffing are still untouched. A sample was exhibited in *The Times* on Monday. Here it is:—"Found, on the 1st of May, a manuscript of an incomplete Poem. Unless claimed immediately it will be . . . No, we scarcely dare print the threat, it is something so colossal! At the risk of your utter incredulity, however, we will give the advertised consequence:—"Unless claimed immediately it will be published to pay the expenses!"—*Leader.*

AMERICAN RIVERS.

In England rivers all are males—
For instance, Father Thames.
Whoever in Columbia sails,
Finds them ma'mselles or dames.

Yes, here the softer sex presides
Aquatic, I assure ye,
And Mrs. Sippy rolls her tides
Responsive to Miss Souri.

—JAMES SMITH.

The subjoined gem is attributed to one of those broad-backed packhorses of literature, "an editor out west."—"The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started his paper to the present time he has been solicited to lie upon every given subject, and can't remember ever having told a wholesome truth without diminishing his subscription list or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having a thorough contempt for himself, he retires in order to recruit his moral constitution."

WILFUL WASTE.—An American paper mentions the case of a woman who is so large round the waist that her husband can't hug her all at once, but when he takes one hug he makes a chalk mark, so as to know where to commence the next time, and thus goes round.

The word *singular*, originally applied to that of which there is no other, gradually came to mean extraordinary only, and "rather singular," "very singular indeed," and such like phrases ceased to shock the ear. To supply the vacancy occasioned by this corruption, the word *unique* was introduced; which, I am horror-struck to see, is beginning to follow its predecessors. The Vauxhall bills lately declared Vauxhall to be the "most unique place of amusement in the world." Can anything be done to check this ill-fated word in its career? and, if not, what must we look to for a successor?—*Notes and Queries.*

KENTUCKY EDITORIALS.—We copy the following from a Louisville paper—it is speaking of the *Warning Bell*, a journal of the same town:—"We will once again revert to this detestable sheet, and when the article we are penning is concluded, we will burn the quill we used on the occasion, throw our inkstand into the street and break it, wash our hands for fear of contamination, and, finally, scatter chloride of soda in our sanctum, to counteract the bad effects that might arise, because we touched or meddled with such an infected affair."

"Positively, the best thing," says Lamb, "a man can have to do is nothing, and, next to that, perhaps, good works."

CONUNDRUMS.—In Miss Sinclair's new novel of *Lord and Mary Harcourt*, an inveterate conundrum maker has his own way with the following:

What did a blind man take at breakfast and recover his sight?—He took a cup and *saw* sir.

Why is your stepfather less expensive than your own father?—Because *ce n'est que le premier Pa qui coute*.

When is money damp?—When money is *devo* in the morning, and *mist* at night.

Why are there no horses in the Isle of Wight?—Because the inhabitants prefer Cowes to Ryde.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS

MARRIAGE.

LOWNDES—ROBERTS.—On the 22nd April, at St. Mary-le-Bow, Durham, by the Rev. Canon Townsend, D.D., godfather of the bride, the Rev. Charles Clayton Lowndes, B.A., Assistant Master of Lucton Grammar School, Herefordshire, to Susanna Maria, daughter of J. P. Roberts, Esq., late of Holbeck House, Staffordshire.

DEATHS.

HENNING.—Late, John Henning, the restorer of the Elgin Marbles. He was born in Paisley, on the 2nd of May, 1771, where the Genius of Art found him at the carpenter's bench, and "threw her inspiring mantle over him." From his native town, Henning was induced, in 1802, to repair to Edinburgh, where he acquired, during nine years' residence, considerable distinction,—a distinction all the more meritorious from having been fostered and encouraged by the patronage and friendship of Jeffrey, Horner, Murray, Brougham, Scott, and others, who, at that time, adorned the Scottish capital in the world of letters, and of whom he has left the "living form and pressure" in his medallions and busts. A visit to London, in 1811, brought the Scottish sculptor in contact with the Elgin Marbles. Fascinated with these noble fragments of Grecian Sculpture, he succeeded in obtaining contrary to Academic formula, permission from Lord Elgin to draw from them. This circumstance fixed him in the metropolis, and after twelve years of unremitting assiduity to their restoration, the Parthenon friezes sprung from his hand, at once the glory of art, and the admiration of the age. To his Elgin friezes succeeded the cartoons after Raphael, works of like transcendent merit, in which he faithfully preserved the truth of the original, and which elicited the encomiums of Flaxman and Canova. By these reproductions of Grecian and Italian art, the fine arts have received an invaluable assistance.

LEE.—Late, Mrs. Alexander Lee (formerly Mrs. Waylett), after a painful illness of seven years' duration, which obliged her to relinquish the profession to which she was so great an ornament. She bore her sufferings with patience and resignation. She was one of the sweetest and best of English ballad-singers.

PERVA.—On the 29th April, aged 53, Lydia, the beloved wife of William Haseldine Pevy, Esq., of Earl's-terrace, Kensington.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

THE *Waverley* Copyrights are said to have been purchased by the eminent firm, Messrs. A. and C. Black, of Edinburgh, in conjunction with Messrs. Richardson Brothers, for the sum of 27,000l., including the stock. This is 2500l. more than was bid for them at the recent auction, but not much more than half the amount which it is understood Mr. Cadell's trustees originally asked.

**List of New Books,
MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART,
Published between April 14, and May 14, 1851.**

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

CLASSICS.

Sophocles Ord. rex. 8vo., 3s.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Payne's Bee-keeper's Guide. Fourth Edition. 12mo., 4s.

DRAMA.

Not so Bad as we Seem; or, many Sides to a Character. A Comedy in Five Acts. By Sir E. B. Lytton. 8vo., 3s.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Williams' and Bombhoff's Dutch Dialogues. 8vo., 3s.

Hielnor's German Grammar. 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Thieme's Dictionary. Square 8vo., 7s. 6d.

The World's Fair; or, Children's Prize Gift Book for the Great Exhibition of 1851. By Benjamin Clayton. Crown 8vo., 2s. 6d.

The Condition of the People of England in the Feudal Times. By Miss Currier. Royal 16mo., 6d.

FICTION.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton's New Work, "Stuart of Dunleath." A Story of Modern Times. 3 vols. post 8vo., 31s. 6d.

Caleb Field. A Tale. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland" and "Merland." 1 vol. small 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Ralph Rutherford. A Nautical Romance. By the Author of "The Petrol." 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

The Jacobins in Hungary; or, the Conspiracy of the Abbot. A Tale of Austrian Oppression. By Francis Pulszky, Ex-Secretary of State to Ferdinand King of Hungary. 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.

The Young Doctor. Post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

GEOLOGY.

Geology made Easy. 2s. coloured.

HISTORY.

Palgrave's (Sir Francis) History of Normandy and England. Vol. I. 8vo., 12s. 1s.

Talvi's History of the Colonization of America. By William Hazlitt, Esq. Demy 8vo., 12s. 1s.

Conquerors of the New World. Vol. I. post 8vo., 6s.

The History of England. By a Member of the Ursuline Community. Revised 12mo., 2s. 6d.

MEDICINE.

Practical Observations on the Teeth. By Henry Jordan. 8vo., 3s. 6d.

On Articulate Sounds and Causes and Cure of Impediments of Speech. By John Bishop, F.R.S., F.R.C.S. 8vo., 4s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Great Exhibition of Doings in London for the Year 1851. Impl. 8vo., 5s. 6d. coloured.

The Fashionable Letter Writer. By Turner, improved by Lemming. Demy 18mo., 2s. 6d.

King's Ethel Lea. Square 8vo., 2s. 6d.

Companions of my Solitude. Fcp. 8vo., 6s.

Gilbert's Description of the Crystal Palace: its Architectural History and Constructive Marvels. Eighty Engravings. 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Gilbert's Popular Narrative of the Great Exhibition. 18mo., 1s. 6d.

Gilbert's Visitor's Illustrated Map of London, in case. 2s.

Gilbert's Guide to the Streets. 32mo., 6d.

Gilbert's Guide to London, with Map. 18mo., 2s.; in French, 2s. 6d.; in German, 2s. 6d.

Chambers's Papers for the People. Vol. VIII. boards, 1s. 6d.

The Emigrant's Manual.

The London Catalogue of Books published in Great Britain, from 1816 to 1851. 1 vol. 8vo.

PHILOSOPHY.

Letters to a Candid Enquirer on Animal Magnetism. By William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry. 12mo., 9s. 6d.

POETRY.

Tryphona and other Poems. By J. W. Fletcher. Fcp. 8vo. 4s.

Bowring's Translation of Schiller's Poems. Fcp. 8vo., 6s.

A Hymn for All Nations, 1851. By M. F. Tupper, D.C.L., F.R.S.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Letters to John Bull, Esq., on Affairs connected with his Landed Property, and the Persons who Live thereon. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Eighth Edition. 8vo. sewed, 2s. 6d.

RELIGION.

Wilson on the Lord's Supper. Royal 32mo., 3s. 6d.

Fenelon's Councils. Fcp. 2s. cloth.

The Book of Almanacs. By Augustus de Morgan, Professor of Mathematics. Oblong 8vo., 5s.

Campbell's Christ the Bread of Life. Fcp. 8vo., 1s. 6d. cloth.

An Easter Offering; or, Memorials of Those who Were, and Are not. By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. 16mo., 1s.

Father Lacordane's Life of St. Dominick. Translated by Geo. W. Abraham, A.B. 12mo., 2s.

Massillon's Sermons for all the Sundays and Festivals of the Year. Translated by Rev. E. Peach. 8vo., 6s.

Romanism Unknown to Primitive Christianity. By C. S. Bird, M.A. Fcp. 8vo., 5s.

Sermons. By the Rev. Stuart Adolphus Pears. 12mo., 5s. 6d.

SCIENCE.

Griffith's Chemistry of the Crystal Palace. Fcp. 8vo., 5s.

Gray, on the Earth's Antiquity. Fcp. 8vo., 5s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

New Zealand, Cape of Good Hope, &c. 1s.

Map of Isle of Wight. 1s. coloured, in paper case, 2s. 6d.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

An Excursion to California over the Prairie, Rocky Mountains, and Great Sierra Nevada, with a Stroll through the Diggings and Ranches of that Country. By William Kelly, J.P. 2 vols. cloth, 8vo., 21s.

Works in the Press.

The following are some of the New Works announced for early publication.

The Cup and the Lip. A Novel. By Miss Laura Jewry, Author of "The Forest and the Fortress," "The Ransom," &c.

From Babylon to Jerusalem. By the Countess Hahn-Hahn, Arthur Conway; or, Scenes in the Tropics. By Captain Milman. 3 vols.

Clara Harrington. A Tale. 3 vols.

The Tutor's Ward. 3 vols.

The Works of John Milton in Verse and Prose. Printed from the Original Editions. With a Life of the Author by the Rev. John Mitford, in 8 vols. 8vo.

The Bible of Every Land, complete with Ethnographic Maps, Specimens, &c. 1 vol. 4to.

A Syriac Reading Book. Post octavo.

A Chaldee Reading Book. Post octavo.

A New Greek Harmony of the Gospels. 1 vol. 4to.

Davidson's Introduction to the New Testament. Vol. III., with Index, &c. Octavo.

Specimens and Prospectuses of a New and Complete Hebrew Concordance.

Specimens and Prospectuses of a Syriac Concordance.

Knight of St. John. By Anna Maria Porter.

Memoir of the Duke of Wellington. By Charles Macfarlane.

Cousin Eustace; or, Tales of the Main and Even Song. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo., boards.

Three Farewell Sermons. By the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett. 8vo. Bennett's Eucharist. Fcp. for cloth.

Books Wanted to Purchase.

[Persons having the following to dispose of, are requested to send particulars, with lowest price, to THE CARIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand. No charge is made for insertion in this List.]

Potgieteri de Conditione et statu Servorum apud Germanos. 8vo. Col. Agrip. 1718.

Vols. VI. and VII. of The Oxford Encyclopædia, or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature. Published in 1816 by T. Kelly, London.

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97	0 3 10	0 4 2	82	0 7 4	0 8 2	62	0 14 8	0 16 6	42	1 13 1	1 17 2	22	5 7 6	6 0 10
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